The Outlook

Volume 138 November 26, 1924 Number 13

The Sacrifice of the Washington

DELIBERATELY to destroy a modern vessel worth many millions of dollars seems a great waste. One of America's battleships not far from completion is to be sunk. If we had lost such a capital ship in war, however, even though the loss of it involved also loss of life, Americans would accept the loss as a part of the fortunes of war, and even count it as a glory to the Nation if it meant victory. Even more does the loss of the Washington mean honor to this country, for not only is it unaccompanied with the loss of life, but it means a real victory for other nations as well as our own.

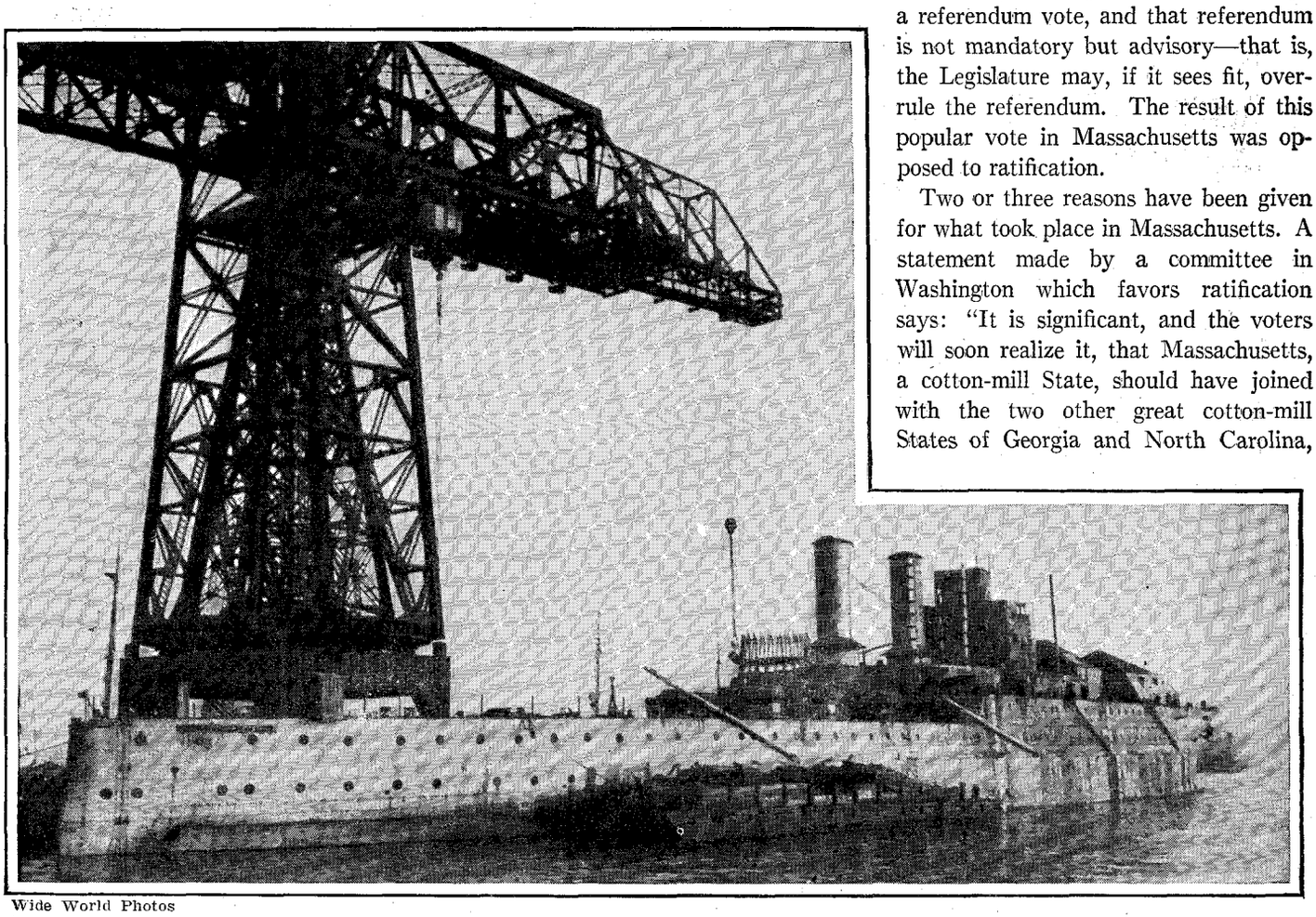
When three years ago Secretary Hughes stunned the Washington Conference by his offer to sacrifice this and other great naval vessels, the country rejoiced. It was not because our people do not believe in battleships, but because they believe that battleships exist for the maintenance or attainment of peace with justice, and they saw in this offer the best possible use to which the battleships then in course of construction could be put. The offer was accepted by the nations to which it was made. There is every reason to believe that the other nations are doing their part while we are doing ours.

No sane man in these days loves war for its own sake. If America can achieve its purpose by the sacrifice of a piece on the naval chess-board, it is better for her to do so than by a similar or greater sacrifice in naval combat. It is still better if in accomplishing her purpose America helps to accomplish also the humane and just purposes of her neighbors.

The Child Labor Amendment

ACTIVE and even acrimonious campaigns are being carried out in some of the States over the question whether the Child Labor Amendment passed by Congress shall be ratified. Thirty-six States—three-fourths of the entire forty-eight States—must approve of the Amendment if it is to become law. Only five States have as yet taken action; one—Arkansas—voted in favor of ratification; three—Georgia, North Carolina, and Louisiana—voted to reject. The action in these four States was by the State Legislatures. But the action taken quite recently by Massachusetts was not by its Legislature, but through a referendum vote, and that referendum is not mandatory but advisory—that is, the Legislature may, if it sees fit, overrule the referendum. The result of this popular vote in Massachusetts was opposed to ratification.

Two or three reasons have been given for what took place in Massachusetts. A statement made by a committee in Washington which favors ratification says: "It is significant, and the voters will soon realize it, that Massachusetts, a cotton-mill State, should have joined with the two other great cotton-mill States of Georgia and North Carolina,



Wide World Photos

The U. S. S. Washington at the Philadelphia Navy Yard ready to be towed to the Chesapeake Capes for destruction, under the terms of the Washington Treaty for the Limitation of Naval Armaments

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who have refused ratification." There seems to be an intimation here that New England manufacturers, tired of competing with products coming from States where child labor is practiced under imperfect State laws, may give up the struggle and try to get less strict laws as to child labor in New England.

We very much doubt whether this is the case. It is far more likely that the reason for the failure in Massachusetts of the friends of National regulation of child labor was either from misunderstanding by voters of the issues before them or to a feeling that the Amendment should have taken a different form.

A Wrong and a Right Objection

As to the first of these two reasons, it is certain that the propaganda of the opponents of the Amendment in Massachusetts laid altogether undue stress on the fact that the labor conditions of minors up to eighteen years of age might possibly be affected. Some of the voters appear not to have understood that the Amendment does not enact legislation; it simply gives Congress power by legislation in the future "to limit, regulate, and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age." It is entirely improbable that Congress would prevent boys of seventeen from working under proper conditions; the strongest advocates of child labor regulation say that the only case in which regulation of the work of children sixteen or seventeen years old would ever be attempted would be as regards extra-hazardous occupations or night-work or work for excessive hours. Moreover, as a matter of fact, the States may now regulate labor of minors not only up to the age of eighteen but up to the age of twenty-one; no power in this respect is given to Congress that the States individually do not already have.

The second of the two reasons that probably affected the Massachusetts referendum is that a great many citizens everywhere believe that it is undesirable and unworkable for Congress and the States to change the United States Constitution whenever any particular and specific thing is to be done, that it would be far better to plan and pass an Amendment which should give Congress, when State laws for protection of social and human welfare are at stake, the power to use its present right to regulate inter-State commerce as a means of protecting those States which have such laws from the unfair competition of those which have not. If such an Amendment had existed some years ago, we should not have seen, in this child labor matter, a law of Congress well intended and designed for good thrown out by the Supreme Court as unconstitutional. If such an amendment existed to-day, child labor regulation could be provided Nationally, and those States which now suffer commercially from unfair competition because, while they regulate child labor properly, other States competing in production do not, could be protected without interference with the principle that in matters which do not injure outside interests each State has the right and privilege to legislate for itself.

The End of the Rhode Island "War"

One result of the elections on November 4 was to put an end to the queer and in some respects unique political warfare which had been going on in Rhode Island for many months.

The Republican Party won a sweeping victory in Rhode Island. It elected a Republican Governor (Mr. Pothier) and a Republican United States Senator (Mr. Metcalf). The responsibility for reform in Rhode Island's system of representation and for revision of the Constitution, if that is needed, now rests with the Republican Party; and, as it is understood that a number of Republican leaders believe that some sort of change is needed, there seems to be a probability that the State can approach the question in a reasonable and philosophical state of mind.

Before this Republican victory Rhode Island had a Democratic Governor, a Democratic lower house, and a Republican Senate. That position is always productive of blocks, filibusters, and failure to go on with the public business.

The so-called exile of twenty-one Senators was of course self-imposed. It is true that these twenty-one statesmen went over the line into Massachusetts, and have since lived there, just after the sensation caused by the explosion of a gas bomb or tube on the steps of the Speaker's stand in the Senate Chamber in June. The Lieutenant-Governor, who was presiding, was slightly injured and a few others were affected by the gas. Who was responsible for this has been and still is in dispute. Bitter personal charges were made on both sides and indictments were found, including one Republican leader, but the matter has not been cleared up.

The chief reason for the dramatic exit of the Republican Senators was not the explosion, however, but the desire to prevent action not desired by them, and as a counter-stroke to the Democratic filibuster. The absentees declared that the Democratic Lieutenant-Governor continually ignored Republican Senators, ruling them out of order and refusing to hear appeals from his decision. The Republican Senators were willing to help pass the annual appropriation bills, but the Democratic Senators filibustered against this and prevented it, because the Republicans would not join in the Democratic effort under Governor Flynn and Lieutenant-Governor Toupin to pass a resolution for a popular referendum as to the holding of a Constitutional Convention.

The situation that resulted was described as follows in a statement written for The Outlook recently:

> For over ten months the Government of Rhode Island has been in a state of practical chaos. There is no enabling legislation to pay current bills. Many employees of the State have not had a pay day since March 1. Practically all employees are receiving enough money to live on, but they receive it by assigning their wages and salaries to the Rhode Island Bankers Association or to individuals. In the main, money is advanced at five per cent interest, on the assumption that some day the State will be able to spend the money with which to reimburse the public-spirited assignors. Thirty-seven executive appointments remain unapproved because of delayed Senate action. One hundred and forty bills and resolutions, some of them essential to the welfare of the people, are held up.

Filibustering for Reform

The justification offered for the filibuster was the claim that Rhode Island has not a democratic form of government and that the Republican organization has always been able to resist successfully all efforts at popular reform.

The Democrats sought to call a convention to draft a new Constitution. The Republicans contended that the State

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We'll have dancing afterward

(Much Ado About Nothing, Act V, Scene 4)

Darling in the Philadelphia North American

Already beginning to make up to the widow

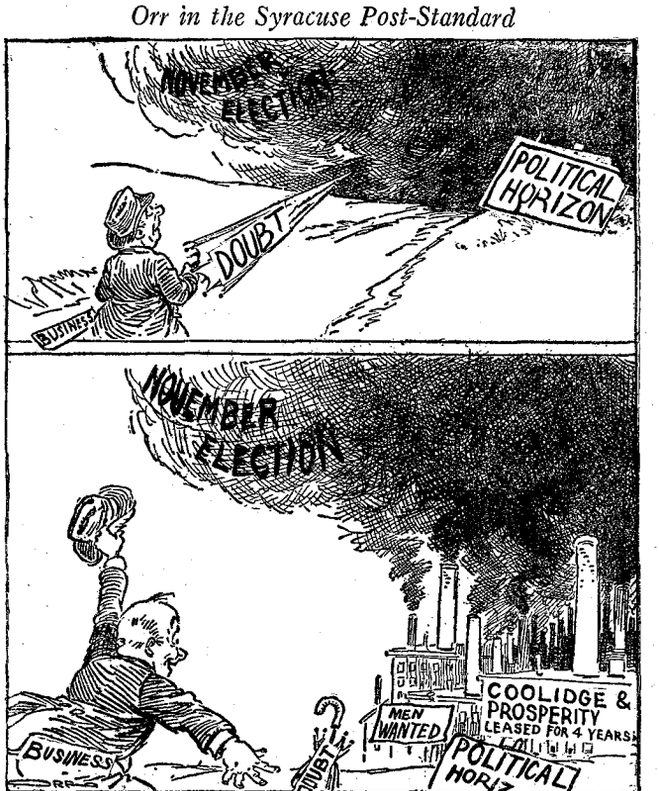
From M. F. McCall, High Rock, Pennsylvania

Darling in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat

It ought to help some with the family discipline

From John Fleming, St. Louis, Missouri

Orr in the Syracuse Post-Standard

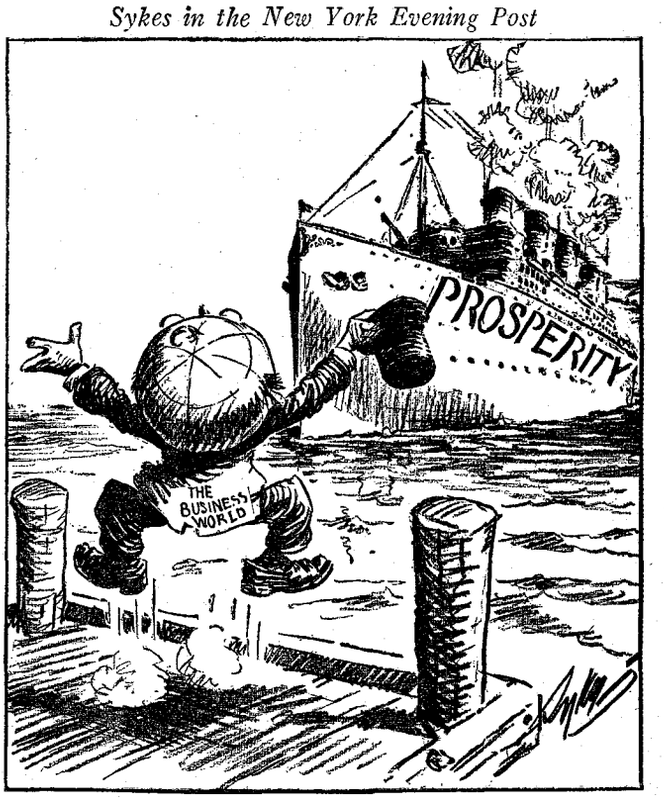


Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Copyright, 1924, by the Chicago Tribune

That dark cloud we saw a while back turned out to be only smoke

From John Jennings, Fulton, N. Y.

Sykes in the New York Evening Post



His ship comes in

From W. W. Burroughs, New York City

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had no power to call such a convention, that the only legal method of amending the Constitution was by action of the General Assembly. The Democrats retorted that this meant revision not by the people but by the bosses.

The provisions of the present Constitution which are said to be undemocratic are numerous. The two most stressed, perhaps, are the property qualification for suffrage and the almost unlimited power of the Grand Committee—which is the two houses of the General Assembly acting together—in filling State offices. It is said that the Governor has power to fill only one office a year—a membership on the Board of Examiners of Barbers. Sheriffs of counties are elected by the Grand Committee. It is claimed that so large an appointing body cannot be held responsible for their failures, as the Governor could be. The Grand Committee also elects, or appoints, all judges. The reformers demand election of judges by the people.

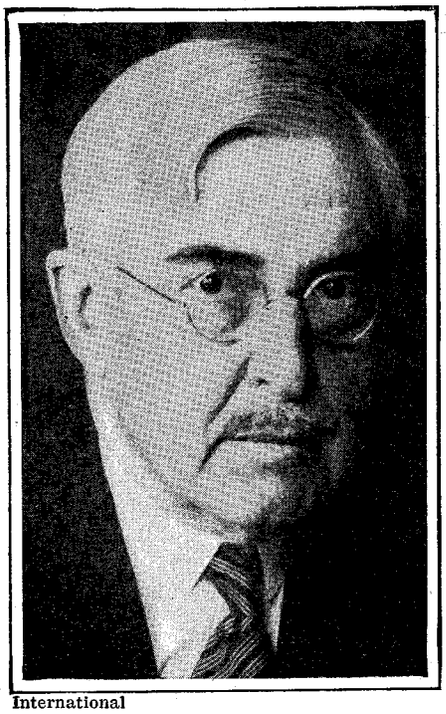
The outstanding fact quoted to show the absurdity of the system of representation in Rhode Island is that Providence, with a population of 250,000, has only one Senator, while the little town of West Greenwich, with 367 people, has the same Senatorial representation. Exactly equal representation by population is possible nowhere, but the case just quoted is preposterous. A writer in the New York "Times" said that the Republican majority in the Senate represented only twenty-four per cent of the voting population. That Rhode Island is not alone in unequal representation is argued by the New York "World," which asserts that "the case is no better in Connecticut, where 24,499 people have 52 representatives, 1,032,503 people have only 56, and 323,529 people elect the remaining 154. It is little better in New York, where, in the Census year, Putnam County, with 10,000 people and a declining population, had as much representation in the Assembly as the Second Manhattan, with 147,000 people." The problem in Rhode Island is thus an extreme form of the problem that exists wherever representation strictly according to population would mean the domination of the State by its cities.

The political situation in Rhode Island has in large measure been centered around the hostilities between individual political leaders of the two parties and personal charges made against them. Into this non-residents need not now enter. The state of war without victory that has existed so long seems ended by the result of the recent election, and the citizens of Rhode Island without regard to party have now a right to expect their Legislature and their executive officers to take up calmly and seriously the unquestionably important problems of putting Rhode Island upon such a basis politically that rule by any party or any faction, on the one hand, or any municipality or group of municipalities, on the other, will hereafter be impossible.

Senator Butler

By appointing William M. Butler to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Senator Lodge, Governor Cox, of Massachusetts, has aroused the opposition of some of the Democrats of the Commonwealth. What legal ground there is for the challenge to the validity of such appointment we do not understand. It seems based on the assumption that a special election should be called. The Constitution of the United States as amended provides that—

> When vacancies happen in the representation of any State in the Senate, the Executive authority of such State shall issue writs of election to fill such vacancies: Provided, That the Legislature of any State may empower the Executive thereof to make temporary appointment until the people fill the vacancies by election as the Legislature may direct.



International

William M. Butler, appointed to succeed the late Henry Cabot Lodge in the United States Senate

The law in Massachusetts, we understand, provides that the appointee holds office until the next general election. It is expected, therefore, that Mr. Butler will occupy a seat in the Senate until the fall of 1926.

Mr. Butler's advent into National politics this year as Chairman of the Republican National Committee and Manager of President Coolidge's campaign was greeted with doubt by some experienced politicians; but the amateur, if such he may be called, proved to be one of the wisest and ablest political generals of modern times. His conduct of the campaign has elicited—since the election—expressions of admiration from some of his opponents. The Senatorship, however, will call for qualities of statesmanship that are not needed by a successful campaign manager. By virtue of his power in the party he will be much more conspicuous in the Senate than a newcomer there usually is. At present there seems no prospect of a special session next March. The country will therefore probably have to wait until a year from next month to see two most interesting figures in action in the Senate chamber—Mr. Butler on the floor and General Dawes in the chair.

Welcome Darkness

Citizens of New York were, formerly, surprised when they found this, that, or the other appropriated by the Mayor. There was "Mayor Hylan's Committee on Playgrounds," and there were "Mayor Hylan's Band Concerts" (paid for by somebody else). So many of the blessings of life seemed to be the Mayor's graceful gifts to his subjects that New Yorkers began to wonder if the atmosphere, the days of the week, and the starry skies would not presently be ticketed as "Mayor Hylan's."

There is a coming entertainment which the Mayor and his publicity men have overlooked. On the 24th of next January, between eight and ten o'clock in the morning, the sun is to be totally eclipsed in New York City. It may be admitted here that this interesting spectacle will not be confined to the metropolis. The path of the shadow of the moon will stretch across the country from Rhode Island to Minnesota, and even cities like Washington and Boston will be favored with the sight of a nearly complete obscuration of the sun. New Haven and Poughkeepsie are in the very center of the path. But should this prevent the

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Mayor from offering the phenomenon to New York as another reason why his subjects should be glad to have him ruling over them?

There is a peculiar thing about this eclipse. The path of totality cuts the island of Manhattan at about the northern end of Central Park; in other words, it will be one hundred per cent total to those who look at it from 110th Street, while some thin sliver of the sun will remain visible and uncovered by the moon to the inhabitants of Greenwich Village and the lower East Side if they remain at home. It will be well, of course, for the Mayor's henchmen to keep quiet about this. He must not be made to seem to be giving a better show in the Bronx than in any part of the loyal Borough of Manhattan. Moreover, they must be prepared for a failure, in the event of cloudy weather. Ancient astronomers may have suffered inconvenience from such a cause. Happily, as we know, the Mayor is provided with an explanation, and stormy weather may be attributed to the Republican Legislature, the Rockefeller Foundation, or any other of the evil "interests." At all events, a great many New Yorkers would by no means be displeased to read the announcement of "Mayor Hylan's Eclipse."

P. & A. Photos

Congressman John P. Hill, of Baltimore, after his acquittal in the U. S. District Court. Mrs. Hill, wife of the Congressman, in the center

The Wets Rejoice Without Much Reason

An ardent anti-prohibitionist, Representative John Philip Hill, of Baltimore, has been trying for some time to egg the Government on to arrest him. The charge upon which Representative Hill wished to be tried was the charge of manufacturing wine contrary to the provisions of the Volstead Act. Representative Hill has now been arrested, tried, and acquitted, although the wine which he had made showed an alcoholic content considerably above the one-half of one per cent specified by the Volstead Act. It was claimed by Representative Hill that the provision for one-half of one per cent applied only to fermented fruit juices which were manufactured for sale. And in this he was supported by the verdict. The jury decided that the wine made by Representative Hill was not intoxicating. The Volstead Act prohibits the manufacture of intoxicating wine in the home, but does not specify the exact alcoholic content.

This discrimination in the law between wine manufactured for sale and wine made for home consumption was pointed out some time ago by the Attorney-General of the United States.

The Prohibition Amendment and the Prohibition Law were the result of a Nation-wide disgust at the political corruption and the social disintegration and the economic loss caused by the unprincipled conduct of manufacturers and venders of alcoholic beverages. It was the commercialized prostitution of American homes and American governmental agencies which gave the dry advocates their chief weapon against the liquor trade.

The law which provided that the sale of fruit juices containing more than one-half of one per cent was illegal made a valid discrimination when it also declared that the home manufacture and possession of intoxicating fruit juices was illegal.

We do not believe that the decision obtained by Representative Hill foreshadows any change in the general provisions of the Volstead Act or that it means a step in the direction of the open sale of light wines and beers. So far as this is concerned, the smile which may be observed on the face of Representative Hill in our photograph is distinctly premature.

Religion in Rural Life

Probably never before in the history of America has so representative a group of rural leaders assembled to give serious and extended consideration to the matter of religion in country life as gathered recently in Columbus, Ohio, under the auspices of the American Country Life Association. Every point of view was represented from that of the Burley Tobacco Growers' Association to that of the Home Missions Council, yet upon one point there was entire unanimity of opinion, namely, that religion is absolutely essential to the future of American agriculture and to the preservation of American rural life.

To some that meant the Church. Others were inclined to find their religious values outside of the Church in various co-operative rural organizations. Some went so far as to declare that the Church was a divisive factor in the community and that its preachers taught hate instead of love. However, there

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was a majority consensus of opinion that the Church must still be the mediator of religion in rural America.

It was agreed that the automobile plus good roads has made unnecessary the maintenance of some of the 101,000 rural churches in America. The startling fact is, however, that on any given Sunday fully 50,000 of these churches are not open for religious services. Only one person out of every five in rural America attends church of any sort, and seven out of every ten rural churches must be content with the services of a fraction of a man. The shortage of leadership is further emphasized by the fact that one-third of these rural preachers earn part or all of their living in some occupation other than the ministry, and that one-seventh of all our town and country places have no churches of any sort. It seems clear that the Church in the country cannot move forward or even continue to exist unless the farmer rises to the point of paying the rural preacher a living wage and unless the religious forces of the country can come to look upon themselves as allies rather than as competitors, and co-operate in our farming areas.

It is of considerable significance that as a direct result of this Conference a group of more than fifty rural leaders of the Methodist Episcopal Church in attendance at the Conference unanimously adopted an appeal to the bishops of that Church, then in session at Atlantic City, and to the district superintendents and other administrative officers of the Church that an effort be made to organize rural geographical units on the basis of not more than one Protestant church to a population of 1,000; that ministers be trained, appointed, and promoted on the basis of service to the community rather than to the denomination; that struggling and competing Methodist churches be discontinued; that the programme of the local church be altered to include a religious ministry to all the people in the community where other churches do not exist; and that the standing of a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church shall not be jeopardized by appointment as pastor of a federated or non-denominational church.

Two Things Not to Forget

THERE are two exceedingly valuable agencies for fighting disaster and for coping with disease that will surely be kept in mind by our readers and the American people generally as we are approaching the end of the year in a period of great prosperity.

One of these is the American Red Cross, which has been having its annual Roll Call for the renewal of memberships and an increase of membership which would mean an increase in the power of this vast organization.

What the Red Cross stands for in the way of being prepared for disaster and of remedying disaster was splendidly shown at the time of the great Japanese earthquake. It could be illustrated by a dozen other salient examples. If, for instance, we should have another such earthquake and fire in this country as that at San Francisco or a disaster from sea encroachment such as that at Galveston, the Red Cross would justify its existence ten times over. Another kind of activity was shown when the terrible distress in Greece and Smyrna in 1922 brought out an immedate contribution by the American Red Cross of $2,500,000.

In what may be called its every-day work the Red Cross is doing all the while such things as giving relief and advice to ex-service men, as spreading nursing service in small towns everywhere, and as carrying on social welfare activities. During the past year—its chairman, Mr. John Barton Payne, tells us—the American Red Cross appropriated money and organized relief for victims of forty-three disasters in various parts of the world. The head of the Veterans' Bureau has pointed out that there are many ways in which the Red Cross can and does aid ex-service men in directions not provided for by Federal legislation.

In ordinary times like these the Red Cross does not appeal for contributions, but does appeal to American recognition and sympathy through an extension of the membership. It is said that about ten per cent of the population in the United States are enrolled in the Red Cross, and it is firmly believed that the number of these will be doubled before long.

The other of the two agencies for good to which we are calling attention is that largely acting through the sale of Christmas Seals by the National Tuberculosis Association. A statement published by that Association says: "Only half as many people die from tuberculosis to-day as died ten years ago. The organized battle against tuberculosis, carried on by the Tuberculosis Association, has helped to save the other half."

There is no question whatever that millions of Christmas Seals will be sold for holiday use this year. There is a special reason why this is a peculiarly appropriate time for the promotion of this great health and life-saving agency. The fortieth anniversary of the founding by Dr. Edward Trudeau of his famous sanitarium comes in 1925. It was largely because of the open-air sanitarium treatment begun by Dr. Trudeau in the Adirondacks that he was able to say ten years before his death: "Over the doors of the hospitals for consumptives twenty-five years ago might well have been written these words: 'All hope abandon ye that enter here.' While to-day, in the light of new knowledge, we may justly place at the entrance of the modern sanatorium the more hopeful inscription: 'Cure sometimes, relief often, comfort always.'"

The Author of "The Peasants"

THE Nobel Prize for Literature for this year has just been awarded to the Polish novelist Ladislas Reymont, apparently wholly or chiefly for his novel "The Peasants." This rivals or surpasses Romain Rolland's trilogy "Jean Christophe," for it is a tetralogy; each of the four parts is devoted to one of the seasons of the year, beginning with autumn.

American readers have had until quite recently no opportunity of acquainting themselves with Reymont's work; but a few months ago the first volume of "The Peasants" was published by Knopf, of New York, under the title "Autumn."

This is not the first time that the Nobel Committee of Award has marked its appreciation of genius and merit by bestowing the prize for literature upon an author comparatively unknown to the world at large. Even when Tagore was the recipient of this Nobel prize eleven years ago, he was chiefly known to little groups of students and critics, and not to the general reading public; but immediately there was expressed exceeding interest in Tagore's philosophy, poetry, and tales, and an impetus to his popularity followed, together with wide appreciation of his ability.

Those who do know about Reymont's work appraise him as being like Rolland in his methods and like the Norwegian Knut Hamsun in his deep love for the

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soil and the country and for man as a product of growth from the soil.

Reymont is the second Pole who has received the Nobel literary prize; the first was that truly great as well as brilliant writer Sienkiewicz, best known popularly by his "Quo Vadis," but really eminent for the much finer fiction of his three historical novels about Poland. Oddly enough, while Poland has thus been twice honored, Russia has never received the literary prize. Tolstoy lived for several years after the prize was established; whether the Committee thought that he was not closely identified with the literature of this generation or whether it thought there was doubt about his moral and economic theory is uncertain. Only twice has this prize gone to writers of English; the two are Tagore and Rudyard Kipling. No American has yet been honored with this particular award, but Theodore Roosevelt and Elihu Root have received the Nobel prize for promoting international peace, and Dr. Millikan, Professor Michelson, Dr. Carrel, and Professor Richards have received Nobel prizes for eminence in physics, medicine, or chemistry.

The interest felt in this yearly award of Nobel prizes is perhaps in part due to the large money value of the prizes, but in the main is founded on the fairness of the recognition of supreme ability in the five fields touched—namely, physics, chemistry, physiology and medicine, literature, and international peace. The complete list of those who have been selected for the awards now includes many distinguished names. While public opinion may not infrequently differ with the Committee as to the particular award for this or that year, it is acknowledged that the difficult task of selection has been carried out as a whole efficiently and satisfactorily.

The Baldwin Ministry

It was a curious twist in the wheel of fortune which made Stanley Baldwin, the new British Prime Minister, guest of honor for the second time in succession at the Lord Mayor's banquet in London recently. Since Mr. Baldwin rose to respond to the toast of "His Majesty's Ministers" in the historic Guildhall in November of 1923 much water has flowed under the political bridges. The great experiment of an appeal to the country on the question of protection was tried and failed; the Labor Ministry—the wild impossibility of a few years ago—has come and gone; and Mr. Baldwin, in November, 1924, is once again at Chequers, and once again, according to age-long custom, reviews home and foreign affairs at the Lord Mayor's banquet.

Well, it was a wise and in many respects a reassuring review. There is to be no strong reactionary policy—no one who knew anything about it ever thought that there would be; the good work in foreign affairs done by Mr. MacDonald—and Mr. Baldwin justly and gracefully gave him full credit for it—is to be further developed, and every effort made to secure a still larger measure of world co-operation. What form this will take it is not, at the moment, very easy to say. The inclusion of Lord Cecil in the Cabinet indicates that the League is to have high place and consideration, but the development of the League's influence on British foreign policy is now much more likely to be by way of filtration rather than open attack. Where Mr. MacDonald was inclined to argue that because the League must ultimately do thus and so, it might as well do thus and so at once, Lord Cecil is much more likely to move forward one step at a time. He would, for instance, much prefer a treaty of mutual assistance as an immediate practical measure than the wider provisions involved in the arbitration Protocol.

For the rest, Mr. Baldwin's bold step in making Winston Churchill his Chancellor of the Exchequer shows that he does not mean to remain the champion merely of die-hard Conservatism. The lesson of the past year has apparently been learned to a certain extent, and it is most welcome to find that the new Prime Minister is determined to move with the times. In spite of the tremendous Conservative landslide which has swept him back to power, Mr. Baldwin is too much of a statesman and too much of an Englishman not to realize the just claims to influence national thought of the large so-called Labor minority throughout the country. And so Mr. Baldwin boldly envisages the paradox, and comes out as a Conservative-Progressive.

Courtesy of Alfred A. Knopf, New York

Ladislas Reymont, of Poland, who has just received the Nobel Prize for Literature

Towards Equilibrium

Although it would be an exaggeration to suggest that there was any direct connection between the situation at the present moment in such widely separated countries as Ireland and Italy, France, Spain, and Great Britain, the fact remains that current events in these countries indicate clearly enough a great general trend in Europe—towards equilibrium.

In Ireland a kind of miniature general election is taking place. In five key constituencies representatives for the Dail are being chosen, and in all five the Free State candidate is being opposed by a Republican. But the whole thing is quite regular and official. The Republican Party is now the official Opposition. The Free State Government has released all Republican prisoners, and the pendulum of popular thought is settling down to a regular course. It will countenance opposition; it will even welcome opposition, but opposition must confine itself to constitutional courses, and the just mean must be preserved.

In Italy, as in Spain, the growing opposition to dictatorship indicates a similar movement. For many months Benito Mussolini has been making valiant efforts to constitutionalize his régime. In a measure he has succeeded; but he has not kept pace with the inevitable demand of an inherent democracy once again becoming vocal. "Give Italy back to herself!"—a cry so frequently to be heard throughout the country today—has a significance all its own.

In Spain the situation is very similar. It is true that the Dictator, General Primo de Rivera, thinks so well of his position that he has gone to Morocco.

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It is true that the recent bloody riots in Navarre and round about Barcelona are attributed to "French Anarchists," but those who have any private word from Spain know that there also the tendency to swing back from the extreme is increasingly manifest. In Great Britain, as in the United States, the tendency is clear and unmistakable. What is the position in France?

At first it might seem as though the strong vote of confidence recently accorded in the French Chamber to M. Herriot should be taken to indicate that France has not yet exhausted the possibilities of what may be called the "Herriot-MacDonald experiment." The fact is, however, that the similarity between the two statesmen was never very fundamental. It is very difficult for a Frenchman to be an internationalist or a daring experimentalist in the region of politics. M. Herriot remains in power, not by grace of one party, as was the case with Mr. MacDonald, but by grace of many parties, and there is safety in numbers.

The world is beginning to find out that the only way to settling down lies in a fuller approach to a true democracy. The experiments in either direction away from it of the past few years have only tended to confirm this view.

The Election and the League

TWICE in succession the American people have rejected the Presidential candidate who has advocated America's entrance into the League.

In 1920 President Wilson declared that the election of that year should be a "solemn referendum" on the League. Mr. Cox, the Presidential candidate, did all in his power to make the League and President Wilson's policy concerning it the issue of the campaign. Though some voters who wished the United States to be a member of some organized association of nations voted for Mr. Harding, few, if any, advocates of American membership in the League on the terms which President Wilson insisted upon voted for Mr. Harding. The verdict at the polls was overwhelming.

If any decision can be read in a Presidential vote, it was clear in the election of 1920.

This year no party officially sponsored the policy of entering the League, though the Democratic Party proposed an extra-Constitutional advisory and necessarily informal referendum on the subject. The Democratic candidate, however, definitely advocated the policy of entering the League. Among the supporters of President Wilson there is no one who has been more loyal in supporting Mr. Wilson's League policy than John W. Davis. With few, if any, exceptions, the ardent advocates of American membership in the League voted for him. The result was as decisive as that of 1920.

Hereafter no party is likely to invite defeat by making America's entrance into the League a plank in its platform.

To this situation as created by this twofold verdict the advocates of American participation in the League should reconcile themselves. They may regret the verdict; but they will accomplish nothing by ignoring it. The issue is closed. As long as the League of Nations remains as it is, it does not seem probable that America will join it.

For this decision the reason seems obvious. After ample debate which no one wished to prolong, the American people became convinced that membership in the League would injure America by hampering her freedom. Some advocates of the League still attribute this decision to disingenuous, partisan opposition, and even to what one of our readers heatedly calls "wicked misrepresentation." Expressions of resentment, however, have not changed public opinion.

As the American people have truly perceived, the League of Nations is a political organization. That is, the League is designed to settle questions of international policy. America has decided that she wishes to determine her own foreign policies for herself. It has been argued that the provision in the Covenant of the League for unanimous vote would effectually prevent the adoption of any policy without America's consent. The American people nevertheless realize that the very entrance of America into the League would force America into foreign policies in which the American people as such have no interest. What do the American people know about Memel or Irak? Yet if America were a member of the League she would have to have a policy concerning the issues about both of them. There are a multitude of such questions on which America prefers to remain wholly uncommitted. America tried the experiment once of making adjustments in all kinds of international disputes about which the American people themselves knew nothing and cared less. The small army of American experts at the Paris Peace Conference, laboring with the utmost diligence and with the best of intentions, committed the United States to policies on a multitude of boundary questions on which the country they represented had no opinion. The people of the country are not likely to be persuaded into joining any organization which will keep them permanently involved in such problems.

Does this mean, then, that America wishes to remain aloof from the rest of the world? It has so been asserted. Apparently there are still people who believe that there is no international relationship possible except in the League of Nations. As a matter of fact, America could not remain aloof if she would. The geographical position of the United States is such as to bring her into contact with Europe and with Asia and with the newer republics to the south and with the strongest and most virile of the British Commonwealth of nations. America stands at the crossways of the world. She cannot keep to herself.

And she has not remained aloof. There has never been a time when the United States was more influential in the world than it is to-day. The American people have not changed their character. They are no more selfish than they were in 1917, when they threw their lot in with the Allies to prevent Germany's domination over other nations. They have the same ideals that have been characteristic of them through their history. And America has been serving the world well. It is America more than any other country that by her foreign policy toward Russia has been upholding the truth that good international relations depend upon good faith. It is America that, through the Armament Conference, not only brought an end to the dangerous race in naval armaments, but cleared away the menace in the Pacific and instituted the first organized attempt among all the chief nations involved for the solution of the vexing problems of the Far East. And it is America that produced the Dawes Plan, made the London Conference the first really successful reparations conference since the end of the war, and changed the situation in Europe from that of perplexity and instability to hope and progress. Moreover, not all the service that

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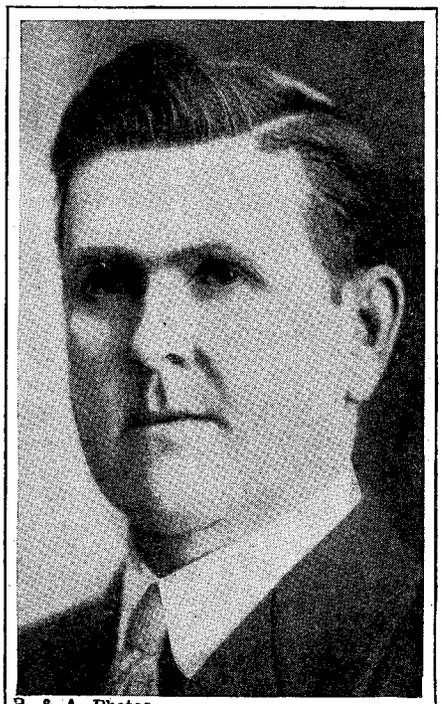
the United States has rendered others has been in the field of international politics. America has co-operated so far as her independent position has made it possible with the nations in the League in their humanitarian efforts. America has been a leader in the fight against the drug evil, and is represented at the Opium Conference now in session. If the administrative functions of the League were separated from the political, there is no reason why the United States should not be officially represented on all the international administrative commissions. Toward the Permanent Court of International Justice the attitude of America has been sympathetic, and only the somewhat tenuous connection of the Court with the political functions of the League has prevented the United States from becoming a member of the Court. There is no doubt that America before it joins the Court will co-operate with the Court as fully as if it were a member of it.

America's political independence is not only in her own interest, but in the interest of the rest of the world. By remaining free America can throw her weight whenever necessary on the side of justice for herself and for others.



P. & A. Photos

A. Vic Donahey, re-elected Governor of Ohio

Last week The Outlook published a portrait gallery of political notables which included the picture of Harry L. Davis as the newly elected Governor of Ohio. This was an error. The honor went to his Democratic opponent, who was thus returned to office in a State which voted to support the National Republican ticket

Roorbacks and Academic Calm

THE public in every election is asked to give heed to the advice of the president of this college or that. The heads of our great educational institutions are rightly regarded as ranking among the intellectual leaders of the country. If they have been selected to lead young men and women into wise ways of life, should they not be particularly fit to lead men and women, who are merely boys and girls of a larger growth, along the road of electoral wisdom? It would seem so, and yet—

At every election time the public finds that many of the pronouncements of college presidents seem to show a singular lack of that academic calm, and that nicety of judgment, of balanced perception, which are supposed to be the hallmarks of the educated mind. Not infrequently the pronouncements remind one of Gratiano's dictum, "When I ope my lips let no dog bark." The habit of oracular utterance, which is the besetting sin of all instructive professions (including the editorial), seems to make it doubly hard for college presidents to see both sides of any case which involves their pet opinions.

Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia, has enlivened if not enlightened many political debates by his *ex cathedra* statements. And he is a college president who has taken what he has considered to be a more or less active part in the hurly-burly of politics. If so practical a man as Nicholas Murray Butler (remember, he was once nominated for Vice-President—can any little boy or girl tell when or why?) can forget himself so thoroughly as Mr. Butler did in his comments upon Leonard Wood in the campaign of 1920, perhaps it would be charitable if the veil should be dropped over the ill-considered activities of such men as President MacCracken of Vassar and President Harry Garfield of Williams in this last campaign.

In its issue of November 5 The Outlook pointed out that President Garfield had lent his name to an organization which circulated an attack upon President Coolidge in which the President was called "a rattled and ridiculous person" and "a very much dismayed and huddled little man."

We cannot resist the temptation to keep the veil suspended above this utterance long enough to quote an indorsement of Calvin Coolidge which has been sent to us by a graduate of Williams. This former student of Garfield's college writes:

> On October 17, 1919, after the Boston police strike, and years before the so-called "Coolidge Myth" had been invented for campaign purposes, Williams College held a great reunion of its alumni to do honor to its 1,770 sons who had served in the World War. The only honorary degree conferred upon that occasion was upon Calvin Coolidge. In investing him with the hood emblematic of the degree of Doctor of Laws, Dr. Garfield addressed him in the words appearing below:
>
> "By profession a lawyer; by preference a student of the science of government; a statesman practiced in the art of governing, elected to many offices of trust and honor in the city, county, and the Commonwealth; in each performing services of high order, but none of greater value to the Republic than in making clear and preserving the distinction between public duty and private right."

A statement by Dr. MacCracken was published over his signature by the Democratic National Committee. We attempted to secure from President MacCracken a statement as to whether or not the publication of this letter was made with his authority. President MacCracken declined to comment upon the question which we asked and, moreover, refused to let us publish his letter of declination.

For this reason we think that it is still worth while to give the broadest possible circulation to the statement ascribed to President MacCracken in order that it may be remembered as one of the prize examples of the type of statement which educators indulge in when they break through the thin shell of their reputed academic calm:

A MAN OR A MYTH

By Henry Noble MacCracken
President Vassar College

I shall work for Davis, because I prefer a man to a myth. I know something about Davis. I know he is the leading lawyer of the American bar. I know his opinion on every great issue. His record is an open book. He is a man of utter integrity. I trust him.

I know nothing about Coolidge. He is a myth. Secrecy surrounds him.

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I can't find out the truth about his record as Governor. I don't even know whether he wrote the magazine articles he signed when he was Vice-President. What else he did as Vice-President I don't know. He sat at Cabinet meetings with Fall and Denby and Daugherty, and could see no reason for change when he came to select his own Cabinet. He is an edited man; he was put together in a publicity office; and he will be plausible just as long as he can find some one to tell him what to think.

I've seen him in the movies. "Smile!" say the picture men; and he smiles. "Go to ball games!" "Give Henry Ford a bucket of sap." "Toss some hay." And he obeyed anxiously and humbly. But is that the real Coolidge? I don't know. I know who tells him to smile, for I can see a movie. But I don't know who tells him to sign on a dotted line, for I'm not there, and I haven't a dictaphone on the job.

I was once a Republican, by inheritance and faith. But when the Republicans abandoned their party policy in 1920, when they caused their country to be defeated in its war policy for the sake of a partisan victory of spite; when they repudiated everything I had learned from Lincoln and Grant and Hay and Root to hold dear, then I gave up my party.

To-day Republicanism means repudiation, cynical and self-seeking; Democracy means progress. It is hypocrisy against sincerity; the record of '16-'20 against the record of '20-'24. Why any one past the age of fairy tales wants to vote for a myth like Coolidge, I cannot see. Vote for a man!

The Williams graduate who sent us the baccalaureate utterance of President Garfield says that we "take these quadrennial offerings of certain of our college presidents too seriously." Perhaps we do. Perhaps they are only evidence of the truth of the old saying that "shoemakers should stick to their lasts." The trouble is that the last of every college president is the development of youth for life. On the other hand, who knows but that President Garfield and President MacCracken permitted or put forth the political pleas we have quoted because of the same reason which actuated the father who said, "I'd rather be a warning to my children than a shining example. It's so much easier."

Mutinies

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

WHEN dirigibles are so perfected, as they surely will be, that voyages across the great oceans are made in the air, there will be no more mutinies. On an airplane or an airship disobedience of orders or the refusal of any member of the crew to do his duty instantly and without argument would mean the immediate death of all hands and not merely the seizure of the vessel or its abandonment by the crew, which was the end generally sought by mutineers in the days of the old-time sailing clipper ships. Thus, under the influence of the airship, the most dramatic adventure which can befall a passenger or a sailor at sea will pass into the limbo of legendary literature.

A recently published volume ("A Book of Famous Ships," by C. Fox Smith, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston) describes some of the mutinies of the nineteenth century that such monarchs of the sea as "Bully" Forbes of the clipper ship Lightning or Captain Samuels of the packet ship Dreadnought successfully quelled on their vessels. From the very dawn of civilization, when man first began to creep timidly out on the surface of the ocean in small boats, mutinies have been more dreaded by shipmasters than waves and rocks and gales. Perhaps the earliest account in literature of a captain who feared a mutiny is Homer's story of Odysseus, Circe, and the sirens as told in the Twelfth Book of the Odyssey. In order that his crew might not succumb to the "charm of the sirens' mellifluous song" and mutinously row him ashore to destruction, Odysseus stuffed their ears with wax. One of the pleasant stories of Herodotus is his tale of Arion, the greatest harp virtuoso of his time, who had traveled abroad giving concerts and had acquired great riches, like Kreisler or Paderewski. On his way home to Corinth the sailors of the vessel mutinied and compelled him to throw himself overboard so that they might seize his gold. But a dolphin took Arion upon his back and carried him ashore, and when the thievish mutineers arrived in port they were seized and punished. "There is," says Herodotus, "to this day at Taenarum an offering of Arion's at the shrine, which is a small figure in bronze, representing a man seated upon a dolphin."

Another ancient writer, less credulous and therefore more credible than Herodotus, describes a mutiny of Greek or Roman sailors which took place not far from where Arion jumped overboard, although some four hundred years after the time of Herodotus. This mutiny threatened to be the most dangerous incident of the famous shipwreck of Paul the Apostle. There were two hundred and seventy-six people on the ship in which Paul was an enforced passenger. In the threatened wreck, after being buffeted about for fourteen days in a tempest and having cast out four anchors to keep the ship from the rocks, the crew mutinied and let down a boat under the pretense of casting some more anchors from the bow. But Paul, who was as great a leader of men as he was a philosopher, had by this time taken charge. He declared to the centurion and the soldiers, whose prisoner he was, that if the mutineers succeeded in their cowardly attempt to abandon the ship all hands would be lost. So the soldiers cut the ropes of the lifeboat in which the crew were about to flee from the ship; the sailors were thus kept at their stations, and all hands were eventually saved.

The most famous and dramatic story of mutiny in English literature is that of the celebrated British ship Bounty, commanded by William Bligh, who afterwards became an admiral in the British navy. On a voyage from the South Sea Islands to Jamaica the crew mutinied, set Captain Bligh and eighteen men adrift in a small boat, and took the ship back to Tahiti. From Tahiti, with some native men and women, the mutineers went to the unknown and uninhabited Pitcairn Island, where they formed a settlement. In the meantime Bligh and his companions saved themselves by an extraordinary voyage of over three thousand miles in an open boat with no sextant and very little food. The leader of the mutineers Alexander Smith, who later assumed the name of John Adams, became converted and after a period of riotous lawlessness established order and a form of government. When he died, he left a little colony on Pitcairn Island of contented and prosperous people which was finally taken over by the British Government. The story has been the subject of more than one book, and Byron wrote a poem about it.

My interest in these rebellious se

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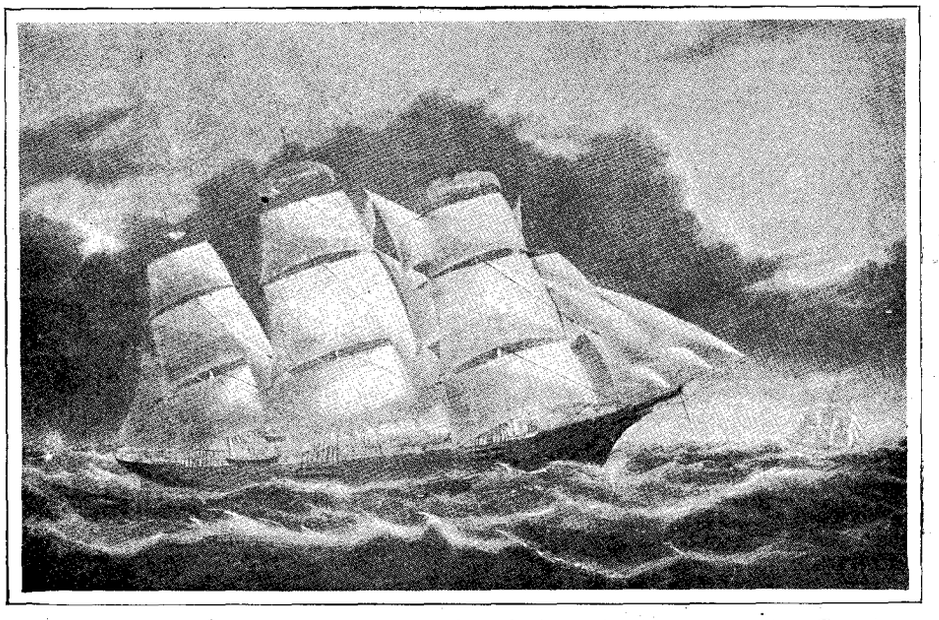

The Dreadnought, a famous clipper ship of the '50's, which her commander, Captain Samuels, in his book "From the Forecastle to the Cabin" claimed "was never passed in anything over a four-knot breeze." In this book Captain Samuels graphically describes the mutiny of his crew on a voyage from Liverpool in 1859

dramas is enhanced by the fact that I was once the unwilling and startled observer of a mutiny. When I was twenty-five years old, I made a voyage as passenger from New York to Melbourne around the Cape of Good Hope on an American clipper bark of thirteen hundred tons. The captain, less than thirty years old himself, was a tall, thin Yankee from the State of Maine, whose easy-going manner gave no indication of his extraordinary courage and his decisive talents as a navigator and commander. The first mate was also a Yankee. The second mate, however, was a tough Scotch-Irishman from Greenock, and the crew of thirteen before the mast were Scandinavians, Finns, and Germans. In such a crew there is always a natural leader. In this case he was a Norwegian as tall as the captain, but forty or fifty pounds heavier, who was known, because nobody could pronounce his real name correctly, as Charley Smith. During the first two weeks the voyage was uneventful, without the slightest indication of trouble, for the ship was a fine one, well geared, well handled, and well fed. The captain, being part owner and possessing the New England qualities of thrift and good management, took especial pride in having everything shipshape on board. I lived in a little stateroom in the after cabin near the captain's commodious quarters. One noon, about eight bells, as we were approaching the tropics, the steward came into the after cabin, where the captain and I were sitting while waiting for dinner, and said:

"Charley Smith wishes to see you, sir."

"All right," replied the captain. "Send him aft."

We went up the after companionway, and there stood Charley Smith by the wheelhouse with a pannikin of pea soup in his hands.

"This soup is too salt, captain," said the big Norwegian, quite respectfully.

"Very well," answered the captain. "I will tell the cook not to put so much salt in it next time."

Now the cook was a fellow-townsman of the captain, and was a very good cook too. Like the captain, he took pride in his work.

The next day at the same hour the steward knocked at the after-cabin door and announced again that Charley Smith wanted to see the captain. This time the master of the vessel went up the after-companion steps a little more quickly, and I followed to see what would happen. There was Charley Smith with a tin plate of salt beef.

"This beef is dirty, sir," he complained.

"That's a lie," retorted the captain, calmly and quietly, but with an ominous tone in his voice. "There's nothing dirty on my ship. If you've got any reasonable complaints, I'm always ready to hear them, but I won't stand any growling. Get forward at once!"

The man turned and without any further manifestations of dissatisfaction walked forward to the fo'c'sle. The captain and I went below to dinner, and he explained to me that trouble was brewing; that "growling," in sea parlance, on the part of the ringleader of the crew is the first step towards open rebellion; and that Smith was probably testing him to find out whether he or the crew should be masters of the vessel.

The next day at the same hour the steward came aft and got as far as "Charley Smith"— Before the words were out of his mouth the captain went up the companion stairs two steps at a time. While I was jumping from my chair a tin colander full of sea biscuit came rolling down into the cabin, and I knew that trouble had begun. I got on deck as quickly as I could, and found that the captain with his shirt half torn off had Charley Smith by the throat and, with a wooden belaying-pin in his free hand, was rushing him forward towards the fo'c'sle. All hands had dropped their work and were looking on. The second mate, who was half suspected of at least acquiescence in the attempted mutiny, stood idly by, doing nothing to help. The first mate, however, rushed into his room in the fore cabin, came out with a revolver in his hand, and went into the fo'c'sle house, where the captain was struggling with Smith. It afterwards turned out that the first mate attempted to shoot the mutineer, but the hammer luckily came down on the only empty chamber of the revolver, and Smith was subdued and put in irons by the two officers without any wound save such superficial abrasions as would be natural from sudden contact with fists or a belaying-pin. In a few minutes Smith, disheveled and bleeding, was brought out of the fo'c'sle in irons and incarcerated in the lazaret, a dark, low-studded storeroom for sails and gear in the stern of the vessel.

After the captain had washed and dressed he called all hands aft, and there they stood on the main deck in the waist of the ship while he, standing on the poop like a rostrum, made them a little address. He told them briefly that he intended to be master of his own ship, that Smith's complaint of the food was unfounded and was made solely for the purpose of destroying discipline, and asked them whether they wanted their "whack" (which in nautical slang was the food they were getting larger in quantity and better in quality than that prescribed by law) or the rations allowed by Government. Of course the sailors voted unanimously and enthusiastically for their "whack," and the mutiny was over. Not quite over, however, for at dinner the captain asked the mate if he had examined Charley Smith when he

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imprisoned him in the lazaret to see if he had any matches. When the mate answered in the negative, the captain directed him to go down at once and if the sailor had any matches to take them away, explaining to me that more than one case had been known of a mutinous sailor thus imprisoned setting fire to the ship in mid-ocean out of revenge.

That afternoon the captain entered in the log a detailed record of the occurrence, which I attested as a subscribing witness. Smith was then brought, still in irons, into the cabin and told that if he signed this record as an acknowledgment of his guilt and promised to do his work properly he would be released. If not, he would be kept in irons until we reached Melbourne, where he would be turned over to the Consul for punishment.

Partly because his experiment had convinced him that the captain was a better man than himself in a fight and partly because he did not relish the prospect of two or three months' imprisonment in the lazaret, Smith signed the log with alacrity, and thereafter during the voyage proved to be one of the best men in the crew.

When, six weeks later, while running our easting down, we were overwhelmed by a hurricane far south of the Cape and were forced to lie to nearly twenty-four hours under bare poles—time of peril that required complete confidence in the judgment of the captain and instant response to his orders—I was very thankful that his decision and courage in the incipient mutiny had put the fear of man, if not the fear of God, into a somewhat reckless and nondescript crew.

"Stonewall Jackson" Feng Yu-hsiang

By OLIN D. WANNAMAKER

A portrait study of the Chinese leader who teaches his men to pray and to shoot

THERE was a great stir at Kaifengfu in the spring of 1922. This is the capital of Honan Province, one day south of Peking. It was then the headquarters of General Feng. He had made the long march from far northwestern Shensi Province at the call of Wu Pei-fu threatened by Chang Tso-lin, had arrived barely in time to smash the right wing of the invaders from Mukden, and had driven them back in such haste that the Manchurians had no leisure to pass through Peking and pick up the many attractive things lying around loose there, but had skirted the walls of the ancient seat of Kublai Khan, headed toward Shanhaikwan and passed through the opening between the Great Wall and the sea, and so back toward Mukden. The various places of refuge for women and children in Peking remained quite unused. Stuart Burgess—of the Princeton group doing so striking a piece of work there, with many fine Chinese pulling the load with the Princetonians—Burgess and his Chinese friends had prepared the places of safety for fear retreating troops might get into the city, but he was now able to accept the Government's offer of $80,000 to the farmers left destitute east of the city, and Peking lapsed back into its usual state.

But I have almost forgotten the excitement in Kaifengfu, Honan. General Feng causes some degree of excitement wherever he passes, and I paused to explain the after effects of his defeat of the Manchurian army. But in his present capital—he had been made *tuchun* of Honan after his defeat of the Manchurians—the excitement was quite different. While Burgess and his friend Liu went to help the farmers buy new water buffaloes, Robert Gailey, also of the Princeton group, had been summoned by the General in haste. He needed reinforcements: he had 1,200 troopers to baptize!

Twenty-two years earlier Feng, as a captain in the army, watched "Boxer" mobs killing Christians. He was moved by the manner in which they met their death. Twelve years later, as a major at Peking, he heard Dr. John R. Mott, and he became a Christian. When he sent for Gailey, he already had some 10,000 Christians among his men, almost entirely by reason of the General's influence, and now he was ready to add 1,200 more.

What sort of Christians were they? Naïve, certainly. The General is probably somewhat less philosophic than either the Liberals or the Fundamentalists, and he has probably not heard yet about evolution. The creed of the musketeers was simple enough for the most primitive of Christians. The whole 1,200 were questioned privately, one by one, by Gailey and his Chinese pastor assistants. When the question came round, "Why do you wish to become a Christian?" the usual reply was, "I wish to learn to be a good man."

A Biblical percentage was followed: one was taken and the other was left—six hundred accepted for baptism and six hundred put on probation.

Then "Stonewall Jackson" instructed the 1,200 to assemble twice in succession at his favorite hour, five o'clock in the morning. Out on the parade ground they gathered, with many thousands of other soldiers looking curiously on, listening to that almost universal Chinese hymn "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The address of the General was in keeping with the terseness of the creed of his unlettered men of war. "Nobody wants you," he said in effect, "if you are expecting an easier time for yourself in becoming a Christian. But if you mean that you are willing to eat bitterness for your country and your fellow men, then you know what *Christian* means."

Simple and crude as the philosophy of the Cromwell of China may be, there seem to flow tangible results from it. His charge against the Manchurians was no more thoroughgoing than his smashing onslaught on all places of evil resort in his new capital, Kaifengfu. Within forty-eight hours after his arrival all such places were closed. Everywhere one finds traces of something real inside of Feng working itself out in sane and humane conduct. It is related of him that he prefers his boys with pigtails. These are the more perfectly raw recruits, and can be cooked into soldiers—and also into men—according to the General's own cuisine. He drills them hard and works them hard. They are the only Chinese soldiers who have ever trained for American football. But they are by no means mere cannon fodder in the eyes of their commander. Some officers, he declares, still think that soldiers ought to be kept miserably poor and underfed, in order that they may be reckless in battle. Not so "Stonewall Jackson." He believes in men without a grudge. Speaking some months ago to a foreign audience in Peking, he said "Please remember that the people of China are good and the soldiers are good, but the officers and the leaders are bad." He was speaking of soldiers in

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China, yet he made no mention of strategy, tactics, equipment, courage, or any quality belonging to a soldier as a soldier, but dwelt with much apparent satisfaction upon the assertion that his own soldiers were always patient and forbearing in dealing with the people.

He does not seem to expect that he will receive more from his men than he is willing to give in turn to them. All his men are said to be given the opportunity to learn a trade during their term of service. They make their own clothes, and thus many tailors go back to the country districts, but many learn other trades. Thus they return as guardians of the peace in a double sense. Their own trade keeps them from banditry, and with this as a guaranty, the General is willing to give each discharged soldier a rifle, with which he can persuade others also to keep straight.

There is some reason for the double naming of General Feng. He seems to be something of Cromwell and something of Stonewall Jackson. Lincoln he admires greatly. As Cromwell taught his men to pray and keep their powder dry, so Feng instructs his in praying and in shooting straight. He advises them to pray every morning: "O God, have mercy upon the men in authority in China, and help them to use their authority rightly." When he drills his men in straight shooting, he seems to have no fear as to the target they may select in a hot skirmish. With some officers, he says, it is different: "In the average army, the officers speak to the soldiers with great harshness, and behind their backs the soldiers swear at the officers. The officer says to the soldier: 'Shoot straight! Hit the mark!' Under his breath, the soldier says: 'I am glad to learn to shoot straight, but when the day of battle comes I am not sure at whom I will aim.'" One who entered the barracks at headquarters outside of Peking might hear either a battle chant or a hymn, and find it difficult to distinguish them, for both are sung to the same tune.

Some one has told this characteristic story. An enthusiastic and practical missionary took the General to inspect an utterly up-to-date dairy barn where cows belonging to the best families enjoy the last touches of civilization. The General seemed strangely unresponsive. The cows switched their tails no more meditatively than the Cromwell of China shook his head. At length he expressed himself: "Ah!" said the General; "to think of all this for cows!" He rode away in his car with his head bowed. "While our poor people have so little!" added "Cromwell."

Now that China is, for the moment, in the hands of General Feng, we may well watch him with intense and sympathetic interest. He has taken a commanding eminence and has a full survey of the situation, and he is surrounded by the most loyal body of troops, probably, in China. But these, in turn, are more or less surrounded by other thousands covetous of the same eminence. Any one would be altogether too sure of himself who should venture a prediction where the human elements are so many and so mixed and where Russia, Japan, Europe, and—possibly—America may meddle at almost any moment in one direction or another. The best that can be said is that Feng seems to be the most hopeful personality in China at this moment. He was criticised months ago for taking a second wife in unseemly haste after the death of his first wife. But those who know something of backstairs gossip in Peking say that the General married the admirable woman whom he chose—the cultured and capable student secretary of the Young Women's Christian Associations in China—in order to avoid the embarrassment of a diplomatic proposal that he marry the daughter of Tsao Kun. If women in China really rule, as some persons think, Feng's strong right arm may have more than the usual sureness during the coming critical months when he is dealing with Chang Tso-lin, Sun Yat-sen and others of the overlords as to the fate of all China.

The Englishman As He Is

By Elbert Francis Baldwin

The Outlook's Editorial Correspondent in Europe

I

IT seems strange to an American to find more liberty in England than in America. And yet it is so.

Years ago, when I was at Oxford, at the Commemoration there (which answers somewhat to our Commencements) John Bright, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and other dignitaries received a D.C.L. degree. Tradition allowed the undergraduates an unconscionable amount of license, and the audience heard floating down from the top gallery some such comments as:

"Old John has conquered his Quaker prejudices; he's got on a red gown, hasn't he?"

"Right you are," from the rest of the undergraduates.

Or:

"Dr. Holmes is laughing at you, sir." (This to the grave and reverend authority who was reading a Latin presentation of the candidate for the degree.)

The fact is that the good doctor was smiling. He always seemed to smile, even when his face was in repose. At being reminded of this trait, however, his face bore more unmistakably a smile, on which the applause from the top gallery was deafening and the embarrassed presenter, who instinctively looked up to see whether the report were true, got quite mixed up in his Latin.

A like license was also observable at the week-day services at Christ Church Cathedral. You would see the Lord Bishop of Oxford, with staff and purple gloves and episcopal robes, seated on his throne, and right opposite him, even in the chancel itself, a row of rosy youngsters in their boating flannels fresh from the river. There was something delicious about this meeting of the past and present, of age and authority with youth and buoyancy. In no country does one find such vivid contrasts as here in England.

A similar liberty I have noticed at all the political meetings I have attended here, whether this year or in other years. I like these English meetings. They are less stiff and oratorical than ours; they are easier, more happy-go-lucky, more colloquial. A week ago Sunday night I went to a Labor demonstration at Marylebone Hall. Instead of its being only a one-man show or a two or three men show, there were regular colloquies between orator and audience.

For instance, the speaker would shout: "We want an average minimum wage, say £4 a week." The audience laughed.

"I see you laugh," remarked the speaker. "Do you get that wage now?"

"No!" vociferously from the audience.

"Why?"

"Because the capitalists won't have it."

"Righto. They're the people who, after the war, held up the Government from giving work to the ex-service men

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for fear it might interfere with the prevailing rate of wages. By the by, what's the matter with nationalization?"

"It's all right," a man near me answered. "'Twas the private, not the state, food supply that broke down in the war."

"Now one question more," said the orator. "Why have the other parties put in some of our social reforms in their manifestoes?"

"Because we forced them to it," replied many voices. "We had so many of our own that they were afraid of losing votes to us unless they put in one or two." So they were.

II

THE next quality I note is the Englishman's inborn instinct for fair play. For example, at that same Labor rally, moved by the orator's ignorance, exaggerated expectations, and violent language, a woman suddenly and courageously interjected, "That's not true." Instantly thundered a unanimous chorus of "Throw her out!" And for the moment it almost looked as if they would. But fair play came right to the surface; the orator chivalrously objected, and the auditors thought better of it too and let the interrupter stay—after all, she was a woman!

Never did the spirit of fair play show itself better than in December, 1923, when, as the result of the elections, the Labor-Socialists became the second party in point of numbers. The first party—in that respect, the Conservatives—had been soundly defeated on the issue of protection. Stanley Baldwin, the party leader, thereupon resigned his office as Prime Minister. The King might have sent for Mr. Asquith, the Liberal leader, to form a new Ministry, but now, with the Laborites in second place, he sent for Ramsay MacDonald, their leader. During those days I talked with some of the permanent officials at the various Government offices. They were men who had always been accustomed to a traditionally urbane chief, generally one of gentle birth and breeding. Now they were to have chiefs of no gentle birth and breeding. And yet in no instance did I hear a word or even an insinuation of disappointment, much less of disgust, at the change. Every man was going loyally to co-operate. They all agreed to this in their universally used phrase, "Give Labor a chance." The deed followed the word, and before long it was evident that the new chiefs were finding unexpected and gratifying harmony in their departments. And why not? All the permanent officials looked, not only so intelligent, but as well so calm, comfortable, stoical!

Mr. Stephen Walsh, Secretary for War, in recognizing this co-operation, frankly acknowledged that it had given him an understanding of real, sympathetic organization, most useful to him when he should again return to the management of his Miners' Federation. Two days ago he returned to it.

In no department, however, was the co-operation more striking than in the Foreign Office, and in none did the chief, Mr. MacDonald himself, establish pleasanter personal relations. To think, nevertheless, that he should now retire from office, having, at the end, tried to save himself by making the permanent officials of that office the scapegoat, knowing that as civil servants they could not reply and justify themselves! The kindest thing one can think is that the Foreign Secretary, at the close of the most strenuous campaign of his life, was physically overwrought, and in addressing a rough, Communistically inclined audience did not quite realize what he was saying.

III

THIS brings me to a third English quality, namely, a stern sense of justice. An Englishman is quite capable of thoroughly appreciating another man's character or work, yet as equally capable, no matter how brilliant that character and work, of giving his strong disapproval should they be found to have been in any way shifty or unstraightforward. An example of this may be found in the outgoing Prime Minister, who was as well Foreign Minister. In character and achievement he has been appealing and impressive. His most patent quality comes from his own early life. It gives him power over men; he has followers because they feel that by hard-won experience he knows what he is talking about.

Is it housing reform? You remember that he was born and brought up in a two-roomed cottage that gave on a railway embankment.

Or is it education? You remember that his mother strove and sacrificed in order that her boy might have all of Lossiemouth's available schooling, and that afterwards he gave his workday evenings to make himself the cultured man he is to-day. But where did he get his often very aristocratic manner?

Or is it any movement to relieve distress? Can you look at MacDonald's face and not feel that here is a man who has himself known distress, a man of hardships and of sorrow as well as joys?

Or is it something to enlarge the slum-dwellers' horizon? Can you listen to MacDonald's generally felicitous, often poetic phrase and escape the atmosphere of his Celtic imagination, mysticism, fire?

No wonder his followers follow! They sing a parody of "Men of Harlech"—

> Onward, Labor, on to glory.
> 'Twill be told in song and story
> How we fought at Aberavon.
> Ramsay is the man.

(For a variant in the verse, at the next election Mr. MacDonald might stand, not at Aberavon, but at Tobermory!)

And no wonder, given his wide, humane vision, and also his exceptional knowledge gained through travel in many lands, that men of all parties listen to him and men of many countries too; he was the first drawing card at the recent League of Nations meeting. Everywhere people are conscious of the charm of one of his idealism, lofty aims, magnetism, seriousness in politics—for politics is no mere "game" to him. His success, both as Premier and Foreign Minister, outdistanced his friends' expectations; it even disconcerted some of his opponents' plans. For here was a man giving to the tired old world a new hope.

So far, so good. Yet the hope was that of an emotionalist and sentimentalist and Socialist rather than that of an entirely reasonable man. And, what is worse, the attempt to fulfill that hope became toward the end of the late Prime Minister's career apparently unstraightforward.

When all is said and done, a man may have MacDonald's splendid qualities and yet, because of certain elemental defects, be bound ultimately to miss fire with the people as a whole. Compare the Labor and Liberal leaders. We do not find the same human touch and magnetism in the Asquith leadership as in the MacDonald. Mr. Asquith rarely thrills you, and yet, except Lord Balfour, he seems, among the Elder Statesmen, the greatest figure in contemporary English political life because he is never "sloppy;" he possesses both the ability and the will to be entirely reasonable and entirely straightforward *all* the time.

Nor do Englishmen forget that in 1914 Ramsay MacDonald was Germany's friend rather than England's and that in 1924 he saved a Communist from being tried for inciting soldiers to mutiny.

The ultimate cause, therefore, of the latest change in Prime Ministers was the stern sense of justice in the English nature. It demands satisfaction. Mr. MacDonald may live to run another day. But he will have learned a lesson in psychology as well as in politics.

London, November 7, 1924.

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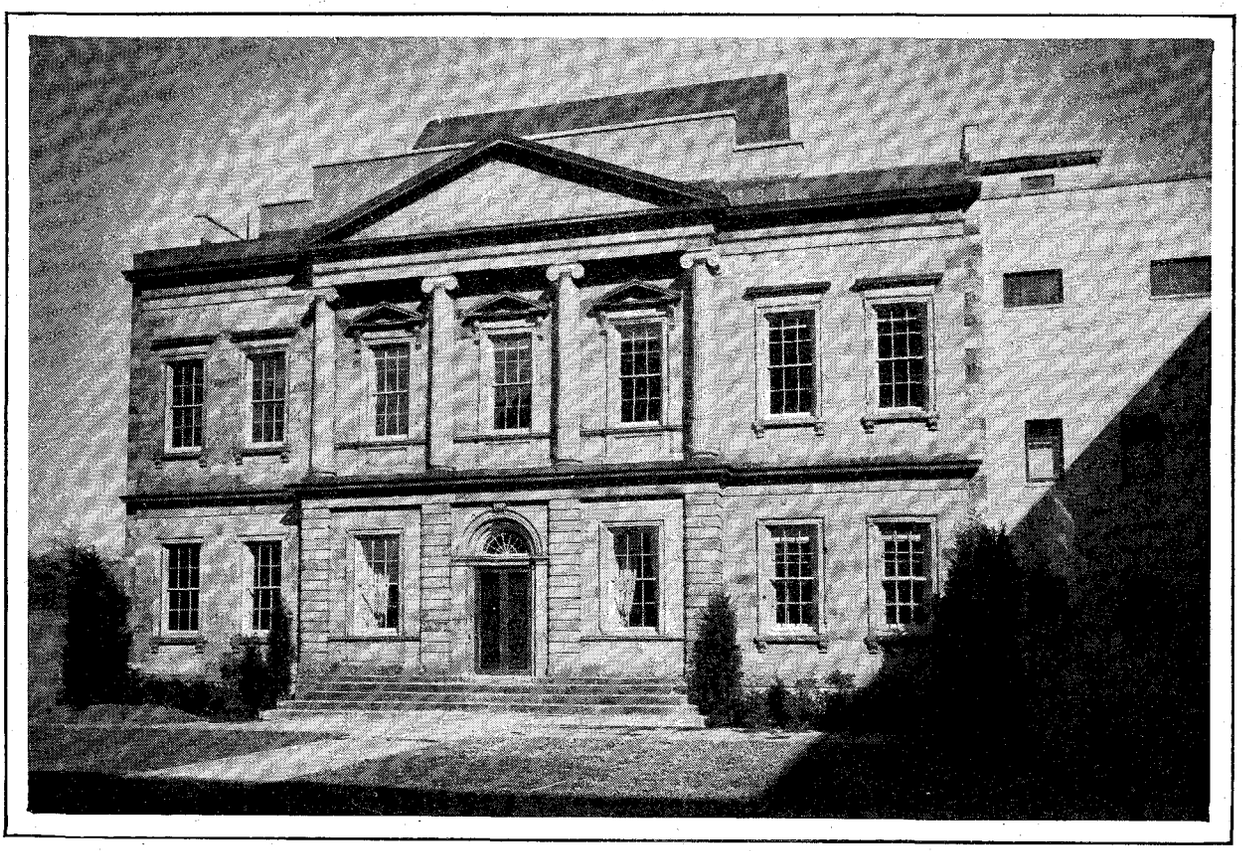
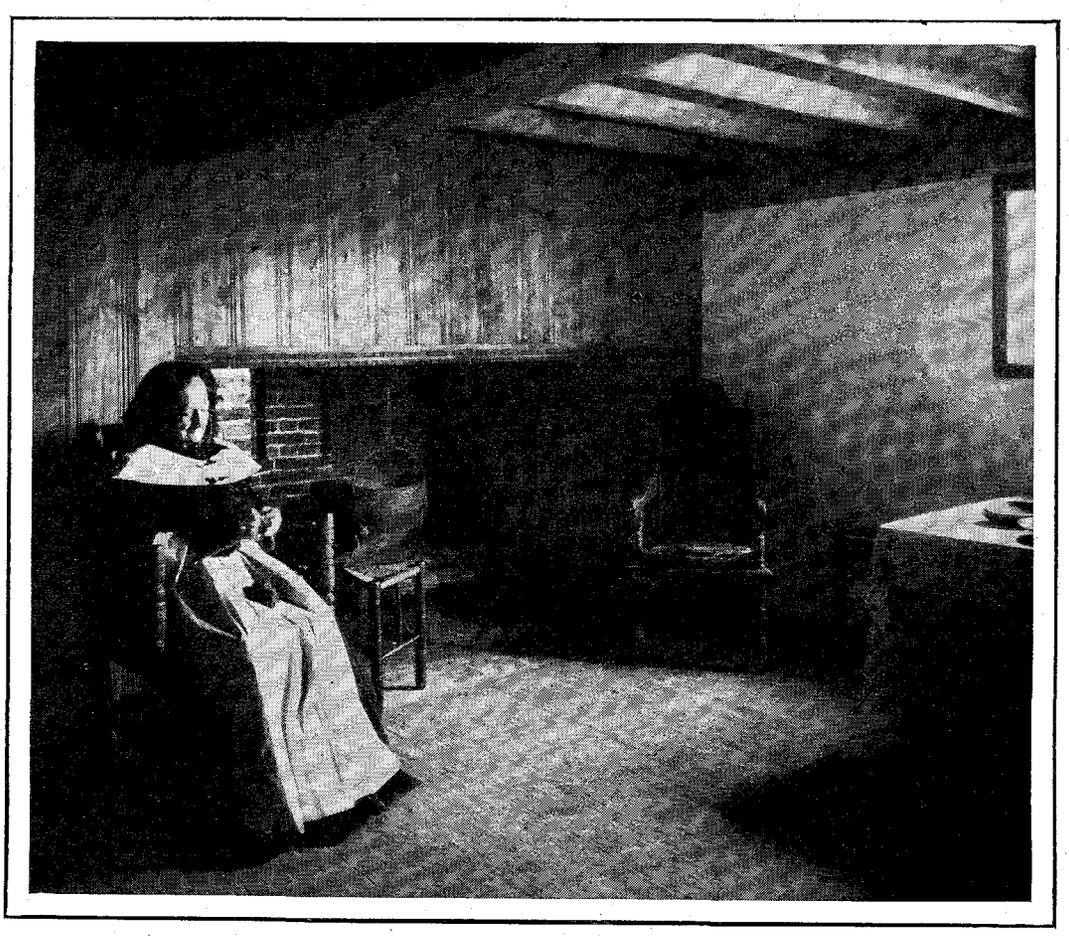
A Shrine for Home Builders



The latest addition to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, known as the American Wing, devoted to the domestic arts of our earlier history, is the gift of Robert W. de Forest and Mrs. de Forest. The south façade (above) was formerly that of the United States Assay Office in Wall Street. Photographs of representative rooms follow



This room, with its big fireplace, is a reproduction of the parlor of the Hart house, built about 1640, at Ipswich, Massachusetts. The armchair dates about 1650. The costume (copied from old documents) is typical of mid-seventeenth century dress

Photographs courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

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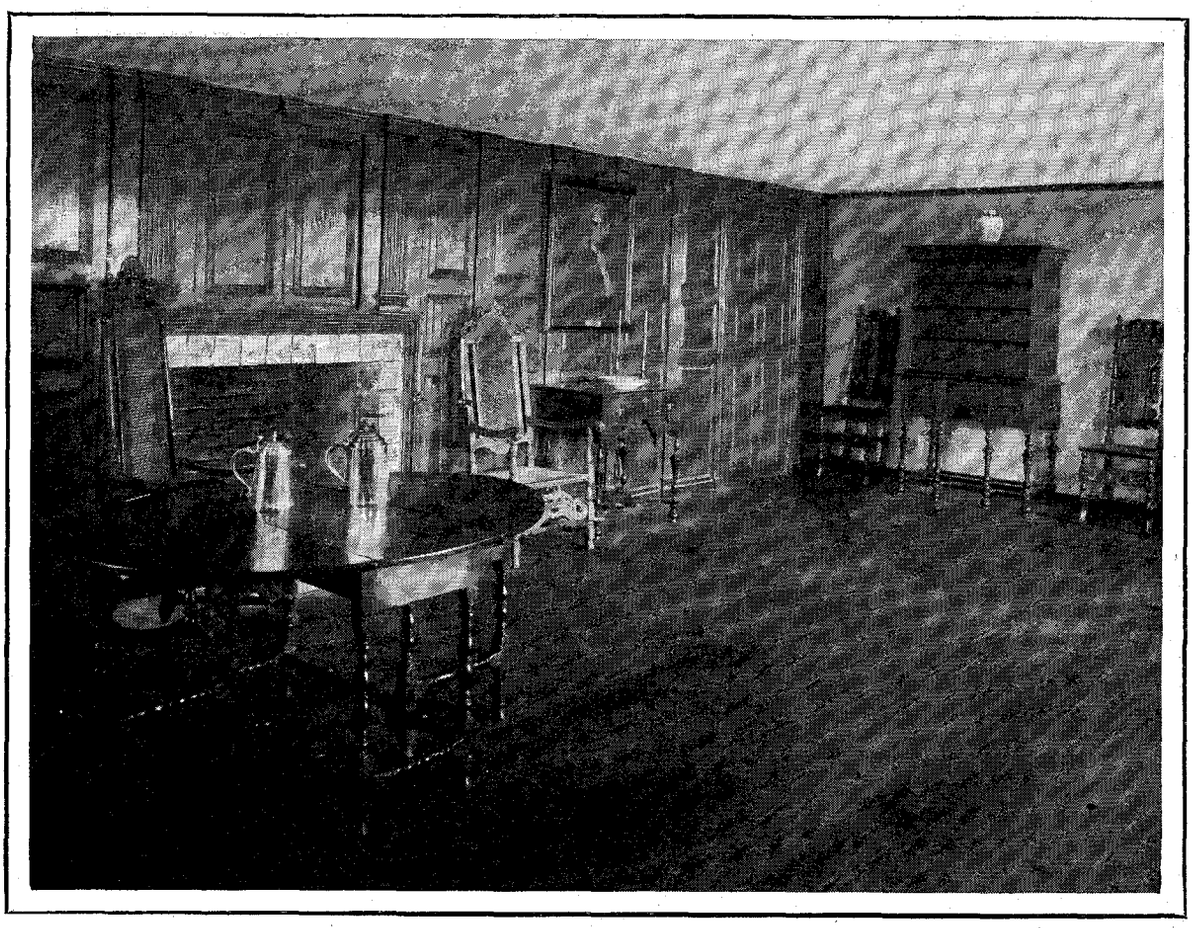
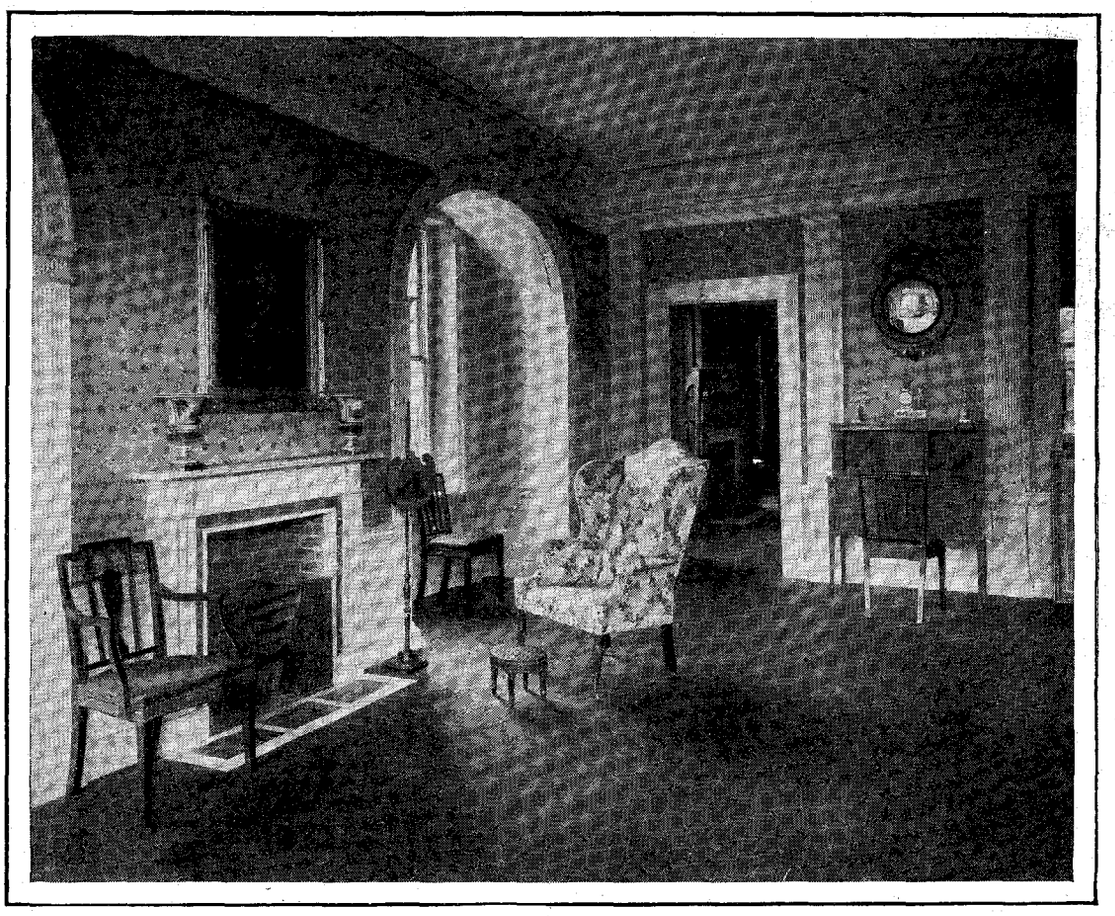


Room from the house of Metcalf Bowler, a rich merchant of Portsmouth, Rhode Island, mid-eighteenth century



Room from Petersburg, Virginia, first quarter nineteenth century. Note the elaborate fittings and the yellow satin brocade on the walls, indicating the luxury that characterized the homes of the more well-to-do Americans of the time of the early Republic

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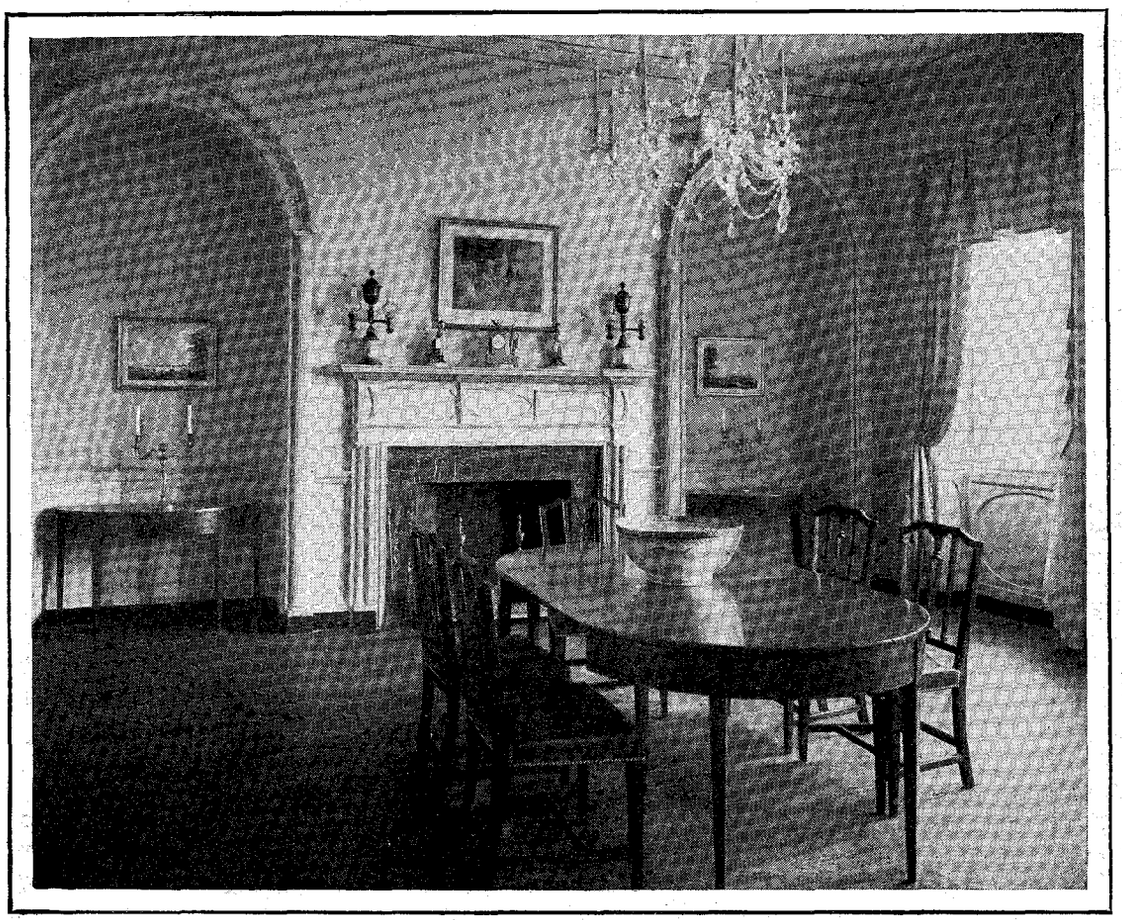

Room from Baltimore, Maryland, 1810. The door-jambs and windows are wood-carvings, and the furniture is Sheraton style. Around the walls are engravings by the French artist Saint-Mémin, with the exception of the picture of the Washington family above the mantel

Room from Samuel Powel's house in Philadelphia, built 1769. The wall-paper is painted in water-colors and was imported from China. The mahogany furniture, in the Chippendale style, was made in Philadelphia. George Washington was a close friend of the Powels and spent much time with them, probably in this very room

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Foreign Trade Surveys

By JOHN R. ROBINSON

YOU have heard people say, "We ought to build up our foreign trade." If you want to know what that simple-sounding suggestion implies, read this article.

FOR the past six years a score or more of trained American business men have been investigating the world's markets on behalf of their organizations at home. They are the members of the new profession which gradually is taking its place as one of the most useful in modern business methods. They rarely sell; they have no set title; for the time being they are non-producers. Yet, owing to their efforts, American goods now are penetrating markets where heretofore they were virtually unknown.

They have been making "trade surveys." Their work is so new, from an American standpoint, that they are still searching for a proper name by which to designate their profession. Only the biggest organizations can afford to avail themselves of the services of trade survey men.

The Government Helps

FOREIGN markets can be entered in various ways. The United States Department of Commerce, under the very able direction of Secretary Hoover, can outline methods by which almost any worthy commodity can gain fair sales volume abroad. But for the firm which wishes to enter the field in a big, profit-paying manner the trade survey is the only safe and sane method.

The market is thoroughly investigated first. Based on the reports, the sales campaign is planned and put into effect. It seems simple, yet to make a complete trade survey of the continent of South America for a commodity which is in general use will take not less than eighteen months and cost, including the salary of the trade survey man, not less than $50,000. Yet many American firms, left with surplus production after the war-time boom, have taken the time to make these surveys and thus enter the market with a complete first-hand knowledge of every detail to be encountered in thoroughly covering the eleven republics which are included in continental South America. Trade survey men also have been sent to practically every other important section in the world in the new American move for export trade.

The Lesson of the Map

TIME was when the average American firm believed that an office in Buenos Aires covered all South America. The story is told of an American traveler receiving from his firm, when in Buenos Aires, a copy of a letter from a gentleman in Bogota, Colombia, applying for an agency.

"Now that you are in South America," read the traveler's instructions, "take a run over to Bogota and investigate this application."

By the quickest possible route, allowing for perfect steamship connections, which never are obtained, the "run" to Bogota would have taken the traveler twenty-five days and cost more than $500. The trade survey method shows the American firm that to obtain perfect representation in Colombia not less than four separate agency or distribution connections must be made. Even the War Department of the United States Government, in sending an automobile to the legation in Bogota a few years ago, routed it via Buenaventura. The car had to be taken back to Panama, then sent up the Magdalena River.

The Man and the Job

LET us follow one of these trade survey men, representing almost any standard commodity, in which he faced not only American but European competition. The trade survey man himself should be in the vicinity of forty, with mature judgment, yet retaining the enthusiasm for his work of a man of twenty. He should be a born reporter, because it has developed that trade survey work actually is glorified reporting as applied to a commodity or specialty. He must know his own line from the ground up, and also the business policy of his firm, as well as the lines and policies of its competitors. He must be in good health and possessed of a rugged constitution, because his hours are long and travel constant. He must be temperate and possessed of considerable initiative.

Before even reaching a country he studies its history, methods of government, the temperament and general characteristics of the people. For Latin America, the Pan-American Union, Washington, supplies without charge excellent condensed histories of all countries south of the Rio Grande, which histories include a world of useful information relative to modern conditions.

The trade survey man has a list of all possible users of his commodity, made up from various sources, but best furnished by the United States Department of Commerce. Arriving at the city, he first visits the American consul, and checks up with him the names on the list, getting a local and intimate slant on the characteristics of every firm, and also the name of the individual he wishes to interview. He also obtains a list of the banks, native and foreign, their standings, and the names of the executives, credit and collections managers, and the methods of the banks in handling foreign drafts.

Cataloguing the Buyer

THEN he calls on his first prospect. He may have to make two or three visits before he gets down to business. This will bring out in his report one of the most important pieces of information for the equipment of the salesman who inevitably will follow up the trade survey report. It is "Method of Approach."

Only the salesman who follows can appreciate the value of this information. Every little characteristic of the buyer is brought out by the trade survey man—his hobbies, subjects outside of business on which he likes to converse, just how to handle him, and when and how to get down to business.

The trade survey man finally gets to the point of gathering his information from this prospect. Assume that he is representing a commodity used in some small local manufacturing plant. He goes over the plant, making a careful report on its equipment, size of machines, types of manufacture, power used, systems of measurements, whether metric or English, employees, wages paid, organization, method of cost accounting, if any; in fact, everything that will be of value to the sales manager back home or the salesman on the ground.

There may be a number of grades to the commodity which the trade survey man represents. The machinery in this plant may be unfitted to use certain grades. The salesman's time is thus saved—he just eliminates these grades entirely in his later work. This particular machinery might spoil certain grades and thus have the entire line condemned. The trade survey guarantees against this.

Then comes the question of present

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supply for this plant. The trade survey man finds out from whom the plant is buying, type of goods bought, prices paid, terms granted, method of payment, whether open account, draft for given period, cash with order, cash on receipt of goods. He sees the competing goods, studies methods of packing, oftentimes photographs perfect bales or cases, takes measurements and makes rough sketches for the benefit of the shipping department back home.

Sales of Ideas

THEN he becomes a salesman of the highest type. Usually he takes no orders until the sales department has thoroughly digested his report and recommendations and planned its campaign. But he sells the *idea* of his goods. He sells the *name*, the desirability of his line, shows samples, explains the standing of his firm and its past record. He works best when he creates a desire for a further knowledge of his goods.

Usually the trade survey man carries a general report blank which he makes out after each call. Often he attaches to this a special report applied to any particular house. Again, he secures samples of the competing lines, especially if they are European, and, if the goods are not too bulky, sends them back home with his report.

But this is not all, by any means. He reports on desirable agencies or distributors, also interviewing these prospects and looking up their standing at the local banks. It may be that his own firm may plan a branch of its own in this city. So he looks up current rents, selling license fees, taxes, banking facilities, salaries usually paid good local salesmen and managers, wharfage fees, trucking charges, methods of distribution for adjoining territory which would come under the jurisdiction of this branch, and all facts which should be known before such a branch is established.

From each user of his commodity he obtains the total purchases for a year. The sum is the possible business in the territory. Equipped with this information, plus the other facts, a sales manager readily can determine his best method for distribution.

Total population of the city, its trade district, buying capacity, products of its own, seasonal information on both exporting and importing, advertising methods in use and for possible use, attitude of the people toward American goods and European goods, frequency of desired deliveries—all form part of the work of the trade survey man. He starts work at nine in the morning, and keeps eternally at it until five in the afternoon. Then after dinner he takes the portable typewriter and works up his reports for the day. This usually takes him until almost midnight. He gauges his time so that his last two days are spent in a round of those who have aided him, bidding them good-by. His first day on the steamship on his way to the next town he spends in writing little letters of thanks to each person, to be mailed at the first stop. He must not only give a pleasant impression when he actually is working in a city, but he must arrange so that the same impression is maintained.

For the majority of American goods not less than thirty cities on the South American continent must be visited. Some firms have a representative in every one of these cities. All have been picked by the trade survey man or selected from his reports.

The Cost of Safety

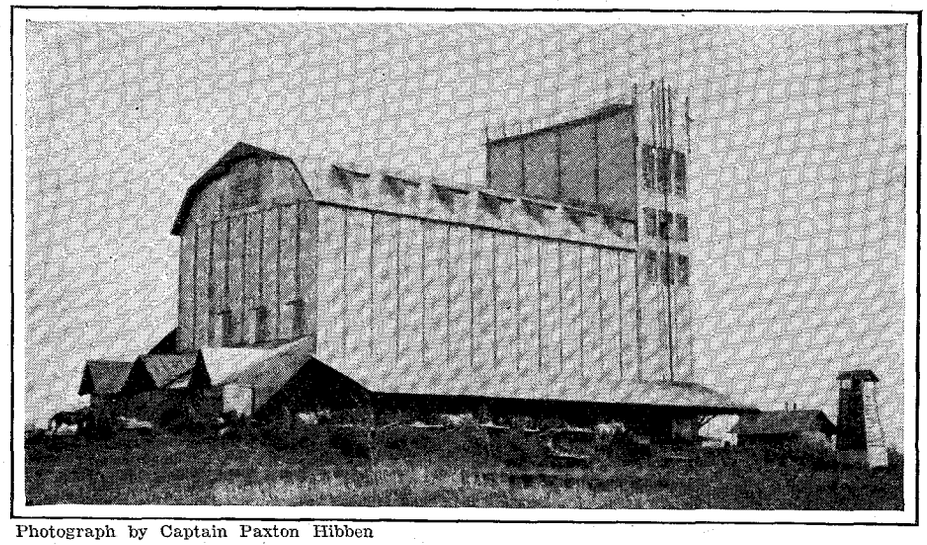
IT'S the most expensive manner in which a firm can get into the exporting business. But it is the safest, surest, and in the long run the best paying. No firm without large capital and large producing and selling powers should attempt it. But for the firms which answer these requirements it has proved to be the forerunner of satisfactory business, low-claim percentage, good credits, and a thorough understanding. They are the ones who really value the new profession.

Will there be a Russian Peasants' Revolt?

By STANLEY HIGH

American farmers have thought that they had their troubles. Perhaps they can find some comfort by reading of the difficulties of the agriculturists of Russia

IN Russia, much more than in the United States, the big political puzzle is the farmer. If the potentates who live within the Kremlin ever tremble for the future, it is safe to say that the source of their concern is not the bravado proclamations of exiled grand dukes or the pin-prick attacks of small states that fume against the Soviets from across the border, or the failure of the United States to fit out and equip—with everything from light fixtures to an ambassador—an embassy in Moscow. Their nervousness, if Russia's dictators ever fall for such a common ailment, will come, rather, from the farm. Russia's population is eighty per cent agricultural. What concerns the farmers, therefore, is likely, sooner or later, to become the chief concern of the Government.



Photograph by Captain Paxton Hibben

New methods in agricultural Russia—a peasants' co-operative grain elevator

Now the weather in Russia, as elsewhere, is not without political influence. Since the great famine of 1921 the restoration of Russian agricultural life has gone on apace. With the exception of live stock, it was restored to approximately eighty per cent of its pre-war status. With a few good harvests the farm worries of the Soviets might pass

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Photograph by Captain Paxton Hibben

A typical Russian peasant farmer

away, and the country in general find itself with reserve stores to meet any ordinary emergency and with a trade balance sufficient to further rapidly the restoration of industry. But the weather took a hand. A drought that has extended throughout the southeastern section of European Russia has worked havoc with this year's economic programme of the Government and given rise to an internal crisis as serious, perhaps, as any that the Soviets have been obliged to face.

The officials of Russia, like good politicians everywhere, are optimists. Early in August, when it was impossible longer to deny the seriousness of the crop failure, I talked with Krassin, the Commissar for Foreign Trade. Krassin it is who is intrusted with the job of luring capital to Russia, and his task isn't an easy one. He is obliged, strictly speaking, to keep the Marxian home fires burning with fuel supplied from storehouses which those fires were lit to destroy. Krassin had counted on this year's crops to provide an exportable surplus sufficient greatly to stimulate Russian industry.

"We need tractors, among other things," he said. "We have been able to supply 200 Fordson tractors in certain districts of southern Russia. Those 200 tractors have created a demand for 10,000. But we haven't the capital to secure them. Exports of grain would have helped us to secure that capital."

But Krassin, although he admitted that the foreign trade prospects of Russia were greatly altered by the crop failures, insisted that there would be nevertheless a large exportable surplus—made up chiefly out of the increased crops of hemp, cotton, and flax. But reports coming in with alarming regularity to the Moscow papers indicated even in August that the crop failure was more serious than any of the Government officials were willing to admit. A territory in which live some 8,000,000 people is directly affected, and the area where the situation is most serious produced before the war about 20,000,000 tons of grain annually, or approximately one-third of the normal Russian crop. At the beginning of June the situation in the rich farming districts of the Ukraine indicated that there might be a repetition of the disaster of 1921. But rains came when they were most needed and the Ukrainian crop was saved. Furthermore, in the consuming districts of north-central Russia and in the Urals the crops this year were easily up to the average.

There are other reasons why the shortage of this year will not bring a repetition of the 1921 famine. In 1921 the transport system of the country was in a hopeless tangle. Officials with the American Relief Administration found their major difficulty that of railroad distribution. There seemed to be no possible way to connect the relief supplies with the empty cars—which were standing idle on a thousand sidings all over Russia. Now, however, the transport is immeasurably improved. Trains run slowly, exceedingly so, but they run on time. Shipments move with a regularity that would be commendable in many west European nations. Grain, therefore, can be quickly shifted from the areas where the crop is normal to those where there is a serious shortage.

Then, again, the currency of the country has found its way to stability—and this without the help of imported capital. The Russian financiers have tugged away at their own bootstraps until, literally, they have lifted themselves out of the financial abyss. The purchasing power of the people has increased because of this return to a normal currency, and the peasants, in particular, are in better condition to meet the stringencies of a crop shortage.

Finally, the general situation in the country has improved since 1921. In 1920 the civil war had just come to an end. Not only the transport, but every phase of the nation's life was in a state of demoralization. Conditions have not returned to normal by a good deal. But enough progress has been made to indicate as accurately as anything can be indicated in Russia that this year will see no repetition of the earlier famine.

Despite that fact, however, the 1924 crop shortage may give rise to more serious difficulties than those created by the failure of 1921. No observer of the Russian situation can question the hold which Communism has upon the industrial workers of the country. Communism and the Revolution brought their emancipation. And they are ready to make any sacrifices for the cause.

I stood one night on the platform in the State Opera House in Moscow when the Moscow Trades Unions entertained the visiting delegates of the Red Trade

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Union's International. From the platform one looked out upon a wide panorama of red and gold—a setting for gatherings of a different sort. Five tiers of balconies ran out from the stage, like heavy strips of carved gold bands framed against red velvet. Silver lights circled the room, and a silver chandelier, hung with laced crystal, swung from the ceiling. The auditorium, from the first row to the topmost box, was filled with Trade-Unionists. Outside of my own I doubt if there were three white collars in the building.

I could not agree with the sentiments expressed by the speakers that night. But their devotion to the ideals which they upheld could not be questioned. And they sang the "International" with a religious fervor. Near me they were mostly young people. When the song began, they straightened up, like soldiers standing retreat, and every one sang. Russians can sing. Not only the voices but the eyes of these workers were in the song. To them, however deluded they may be, it was a song of deliverance. And 4,000 men and women toilers, standing there in that dazzling circle of red and gold, sang it that way.

I met many of those workers—rank and file members of the Communist Party—while I was in Russia. Their passionate loyalty to the Communistic programme, in Russia and out, is no mere lip service. Their world began with the Revolution. An eight-hour day, decent living quarters, school for their children, a place to play, and a part in politics—all this, and more, the Revolution means to the workers in Russia's factories.

But the peasant is a problem of another sort. He lives on the outskirts of the things that happen. The tumult and the shouting, the flag-waving spectacles, and the oratory that fan the flames of the worker's devotion are not seen or heard in Russia's villages, where four-fifths of the people live. Now, very much as before the war, life for the peasant is a weary plodding to the field, a weary day's work, and a weary plodding home again when the day is done. He neither feels himself nor is a part of "the peasants' and workers' government." He is just a tiller of the soil who up to now has found that crops need just as much cultivation—and burn as quickly when there is no rain—under Communism as under the Czar.

The peasants, of course, don't want a return of the Czar or of his family, however distantly connected. The voice of the peasant was heard in no uncertain terms when the "White" armies invaded Russia. In certain sections there was at first a welcome for "Russia's deliverers," since the Communists had confiscated crops and dealt with the farmers in too extreme a way to arouse any genuine affection for the régime. But this welcome was quickly turned to an opposition that became extremely militant when it was found that the "Whites" brought greater evils than those from which the peasants had sought escape. If peasant opposition to Moscow finds frequent expression in the Soviet press, there is little enough encouragement in that fact for the Russian refugees who look upon every criticism of the Government from within as an indication of impending revolution.

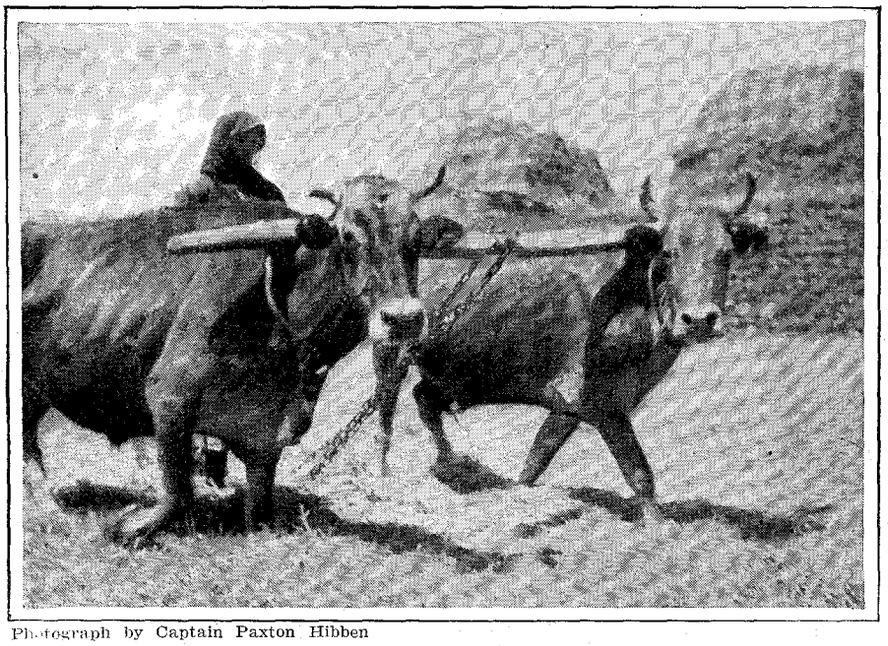
However dissatisfied the peasants may be with their present situation—which in many ways is worse probably than before the war—there is very little indication that a peasants' revolt is in the offing in Russia. And were such a revolt imminent, the central authority of the Communists is altogether too well organized, too efficient, and too militant to permit it much chance of success. But peasant discontent is making itself felt nevertheless. And in an effort to allay that discontent the Soviets will find difficulty stopping short of significant modifications of their Communistic programme.

That serious efforts are being made to meet the increasingly articulate dissatisfaction among Russia's land-workers is undeniable. The papers of Moscow contain almost every day letters of complaint from peasants—letters which receive often the most careful editorial consideration. Party Congresses devote more time to peasant than to any other problems. There is in Moscow a peasants' house to which peasants may come and find aid in laying their complaints before the Government. This house is no propaganda institution designed to make the peasants satisfied with things as they are. It is a practical means for furthering peasant expression on matters of governmental administration. And the peasants make constant use of it. There is, moreover, a Government department devoted to the solution of peasants' problems—a department that is making genuine efforts to better the agricultural situation.

The peasants, in so far as they come into touch with the national Government, recognize the determination of that Government to help them. In so far as they think in political terms at all, it is safe to say, I believe, that the peasants recognize the potentialities of the present régime. But just how long they will be willing to accept this hopeful outlook as a substitute for more fundamental returns in the here and now is a question.

For, after all, the peasant is not a Communist. The Communist Revolution gave him the land—and for that achievement he doubtless feels grateful if he ever considers the matter at all. But landowning and Communism are not easily reconcilable. And the further the landowning class is removed from the Revolution, the more difficult it will be to demand loyalty to the principles involved as the price of ownership.

Thus when this new drought came on one of the first steps which Moscow took was to send into the country several thousand city Communists to bolster up the peasant morale in the affected districts and to keep a careful watch for possible counter-revolutionary activities. This propaganda division was followed up by help of a more practical sort. Extra supplies of seed, to insure next year's planting, were shipped out from



Photograph by Captain Paxton Hibben

Threshing in the Biblical way on a Russian farm. "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn"

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the national storehouses. Arrangements were made to transport grain quickly from one section to another. A searching inquiry was begun to discover whether or not the Government might take steps to make famines less likely in the future. But, first of all, the Government took precautionary measures against peasant outbreaks.

The prosperity of the peasant, in the long run, is dependent upon the success of Russia's dealings with capitalistic nations. If Russian agriculture and industry could be restored and maintained by the Russian people themselves, Communism might be re-established and continue indefinitely. But Russian reconstruction cannot be accomplished by Russians alone. Markets and loans must come from abroad, and markets and loans—especially loans—are the key to the restoration of the country.

Peasant unrest, accentuated by the present crop failure, is making it imperative that the job of restoration be speeded up at whatever cost. But before capitalistic nations will come to the aid of Russia certain modifications will be demanded in the Communistic programme of the Russian Government. If there were no pressure at home, those modifications might be refused. But capital must be secured, for it is becoming increasingly difficult to satisfy the peasants with unfulfilled promises. And this year's crop failure may so increase the insistency of peasant pressure as to alter completely the tone with which Soviet representatives conduct their negotiations abroad, and, in the end, bring significant modifications in the policies of the Government at home.

Football Lessons of 1924

By HERBERT REED

How is the great American game developing, these crisp autumn days? Who are the outstanding figures in the current season? The Outlook asked one of the keenest of football analysts to answer these questions. Here is his reply

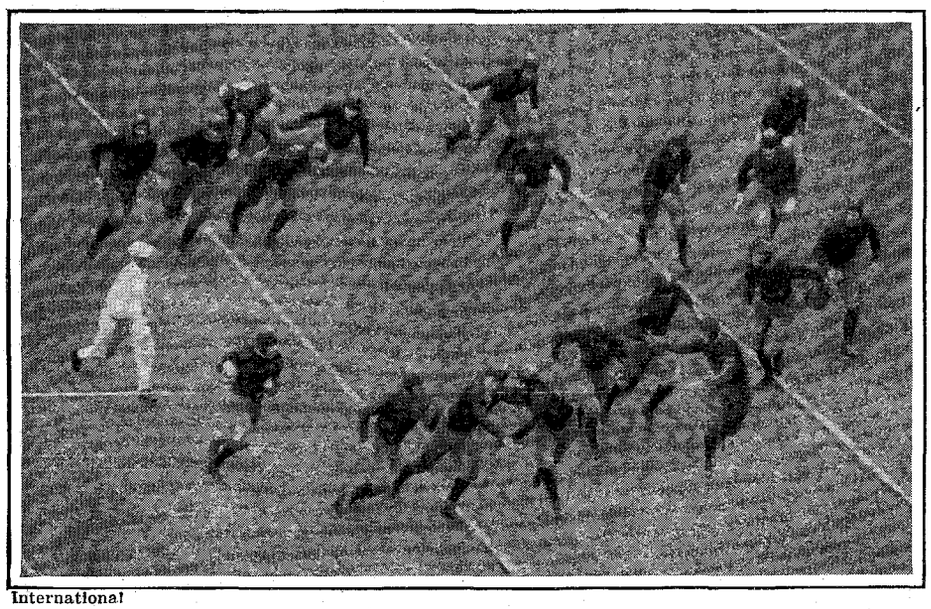
MODERN football has reached new heights of open play in the season which will end with the Army-Navy game in Baltimore on November 27. Not since the forward pass was introduced to the game in the general shake-up of the rules in 1905 was there less of what had come to be known as "ball fear" and more liberal choice of downs on which to make the "long-gaining" plays. The old idea of falling on a loose ball has been relegated to the dark ages of the game, and in general the more radical of the coaches had their way and their reward. It is an ancient axiom of the gridiron game that one moves by force and deception to the citadel of the enemy, and the amount of force used by the leading elevens both East and West was regulated by the quality of material at hand, notably Chicago, Minnesota, and Michigan in the West and Yale and Dartmouth in the East. The amount of deception was regulated also by the amount of speed available in the persons of such backs as Grange of Illinois, Rockwell of Michigan, Slagle of Princeton, Koppisch of Columbia, and a host of others who could handle the ball freely and with a certain amount of surety.

Perhaps the best blend of the two methods of attack was realized by Knute Rockne with his Notre Dame eleven, and by Jesse Hawley with his big Green team from Hanover. The demand of the huge crowds that fill the stadia were met by spectacular passing and by wide running, the attacking teams getting into the scoring positions as rapidly as possible, using the sweep plays perhaps more effectively than ever before. There were instances in which heavy and powerful line men were found useful on the attack, but for the most part the tendency was to swing such guards as Weibel of Notre Dame and Diehl of Dartmouth out around the ends in the path the runner was to take.

While this great burst of offense was going on, the defense languished to a large extent, coming closer to a match for the attack in the later battles of the season. This will always be the case when such elevens as Yale take on the sort of schedule that helps to fill the big Bowl at New Haven, and other teams go traveling long distances in order to begin winning as quickly as possible.

The attack in the Western Conference is generally well ahead of the defense early in the season, for every game these teams play in their league counts in the final standing, and it is necessary to turn out fast scoring elevens as early as possible. Both in the Conference and in the "Big Three" there is a restriction in the actual time allowed for football instruction. This restriction has the effect in the West of building up the attack rapidly, for it is human nature to criticise a losing coach. Therefore chances, and sometimes long ones, have to be taken in handling the ball.

Time was when every team was instructed on defense to expect its opponent to pass on third down with more than three or four yards to go. This very instruction led the attack to move up the passing down in order to "cross" the defense, with the result that Princeton against Harvard, Illinois against the



International

Allen, of Yale, with the ball in the Yale-Princeton game in which Yale defeated Princeton 10-0

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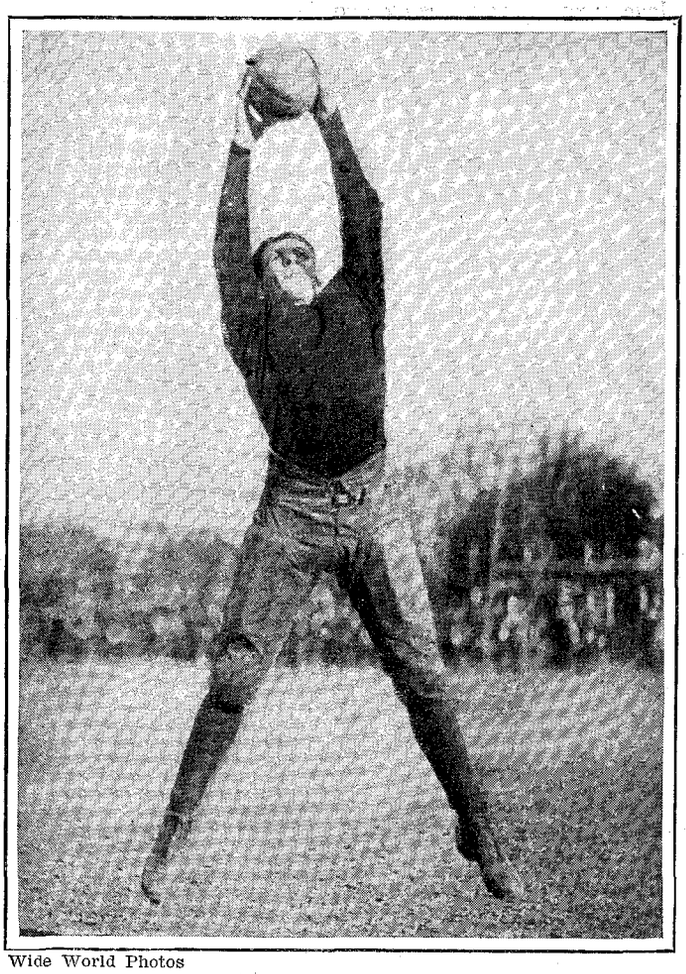
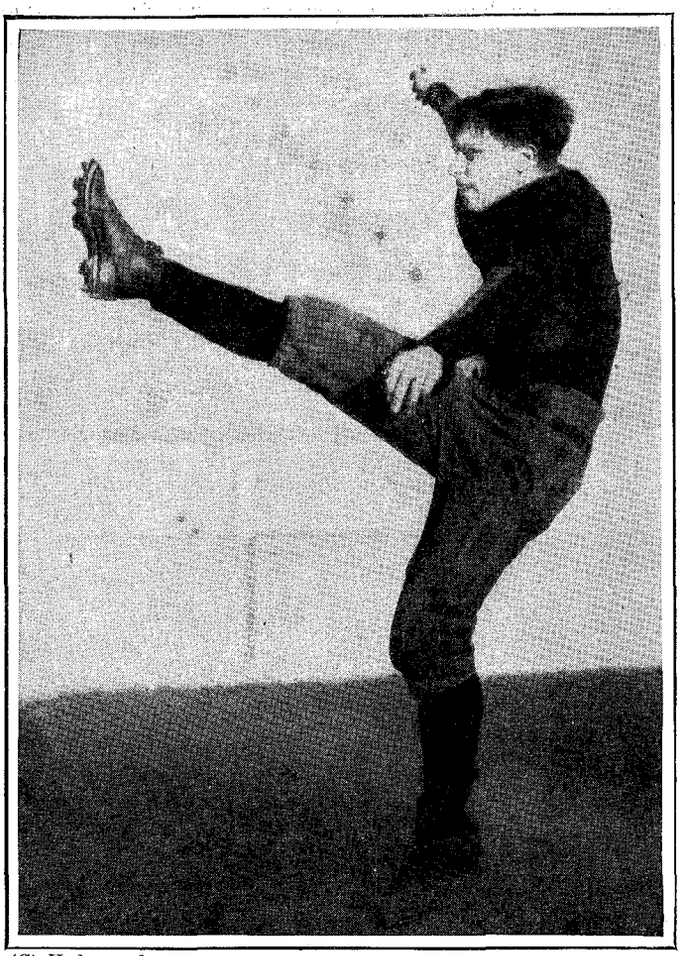


Wide World Photos

"Red" Grange, of the University of Illinois



(C) Underwood

Quarterback Slagle, of Princeton

teams met in the early season, and even coming up through the Chicago contest, were not afraid to shoot the pass even on the first down and in any part of the field. This was a severe shock to the conservatives. It resulted in frequent scoring, to be sure, but it also resulted in intercepted passes and fumbles.

I have purposely omitted mention of the famous Notre Dame back-field up to this point because it deserves consideration by itself. The play of the Notre Dame back-field in combination with the guards swinging out of the line shared with the Dartmouth offensive in the East the foremost rating for clever attack. There was little to choose between the two, for both combined power and deception. It is well understood that in most cases stars who make a great reputation either as kickers or ball carriers or both seldom are good interferers. This was not true of either eleven. In Stuhldreher, Don Miller, Crowley, and Layden, Rockne had at command four men of almost equal speed, good ball carriers, and superb interferers. This accounted for the smoothness of the attack. They were run from simple formations, with a less complicated shift than hitherto, and they simply smothered the end with interference, while the guard on the same side as the striking point of the attack came out and cut off the defensive tackle single-handed.

This was responsible for the wrecking of the Army eleven. The ends had no help from the tackles, and it was remarkable that the score was not larger. Later Princeton diagnosed the plays better, sending their defensive ends and tackles out wide, but at that time they had not the personnel to check the Notre Dame drive. Later the Tiger team came fast and far, and on the day that it defeated Harvard was undoubtedly one of the best elevens on the field. The following week the eleven sagged notably against Yale, and the Elis, having scraped through a hard early season with two tie games and a squeak or so through to victory, had its first big day in the Palmer Stadium.

It has become the custom to call the winning team, especially the team that wins impressively, a "machine." It was perhaps possible to build something resembling a "machine" in the days when Percy Haughton was at Harvard and when Gordon Brown led a famous Yale team, or when "Hurry Up" Yost was turning out some of his great scoring elevens that reeked of power, and with Heston leading the attack. That time has passed, for the modern team is an organization and not a machine. The best of these modern teams has individuality written all over it. I have already spoken of the flashing team from South Bend. On the ends, with Bjorkman and Tully in action, and with Oberlander, Dooley, Hall, Reeder, and others in the back-field, supported by a good line, the Dartmouth team after it shook itself together as a result of the tie game with Yale, which Hawley's men should have won, was rich in personalities. Dartmouth was consistently good after the affair at New Haven, and improved both brilliantly and evenly. The season culminated in a fine victory over Cornell, a team that had only just found itself.

It is no secret that Dartmouth men would rather have beaten Cornell than any other team on the schedule. There were old scores to pay off, and, while the battle was a hard one all the way, the better team won, because a strong passing and running game was supported by fine kicking.

While most of the elevens were bringing out their attack, the defense was slowly building up, and this was most noticeable in the middle of the line, where Adam Walsh, Notre Dame's great center, Garbisch, the Army's pivot man, Lovejoy, Yale's center, and Slaughter of Michigan, the latter one of the most versatile guards I have ever seen, improved rapidly in both the diagnosis of opponents' plays and in the range of their defense. In the tackle position Beattie of Princeton was one of the best of the defensive men, along with Bach of Notre Dame, and Ellinger and Far-

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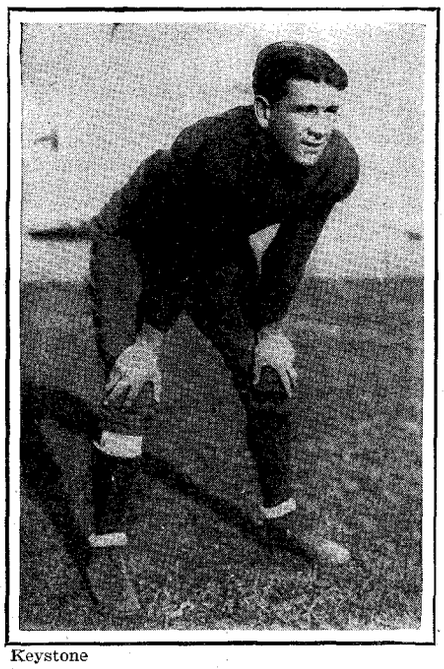


Keystone

Halfback Don Miller, of Notre Dame

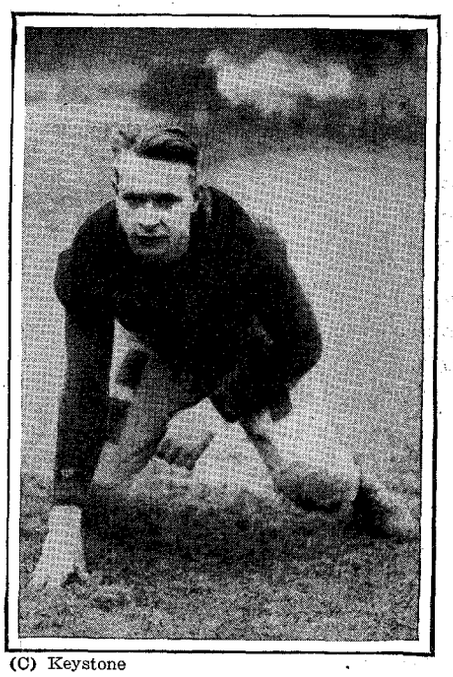
wick of the Army were good enough to play on any eleven.

Grange of Illinois, one of the best back-field men of all time, was running rings around the defense until Minnesota checked him down and he went out of the game injured. An entire offense had been built around him, and when he was carried off, the kingpin of Zuppke's attack had disappeared. Slagle of Princeton played brilliantly against Harvard and was the Grange of the East on that day, but the following week he was less of a mystery to Yale. The defense had caught up with the attack.

It was a season of upsets most of the way. I think Fielding Yost's explanation of that was the best I heard in any of the football camps. He said that under the modern rules "plays are merely plans. They go like clockwork one day, and fail in almost every case on another, and no coach knows beforehand just which is going to happen. The plans come through or they fail. A ball passed a few inches from the receiver's outstretched hand may change the entire complexion of the play. A missed tackle or a perfectly excusable fumble may have the same effect." I might add that defensive bewilderment against an opposing team when that team's plans are clicking off smoothly accounts for many a defeat, notably the rout of Harvard by Princeton.

One of the cheering features of the season was Columbia's ability eventually to carry on after the death of Percy Haughton. The shock to the team proved too much in the Cornell encounter, and Columbia was defeated by an eleven that had suddenly come to life after a disastrous early season. The play of the Light Blue and White against the strong Army team proved that Haughton had done his work well, and that Columbia is equipped for the best of scientific football in the future.

Good teams were developed here and there throughout the country. In the early stages Lafayette was one of the best, but the eleven went badly to pieces at one stage of the season. Rutgers was both versatile and powerful, and Syracuse for a time gave promise of unusual strength. Rutgers boasted of star players in Hazel and Benkert, while there were first-class players on other elevens, notably Keefer of Brown, who had been Kipke's running mate at Michigan; Stiffler, a fine Brown end; McCarthy and Kernwein, hard running backs at

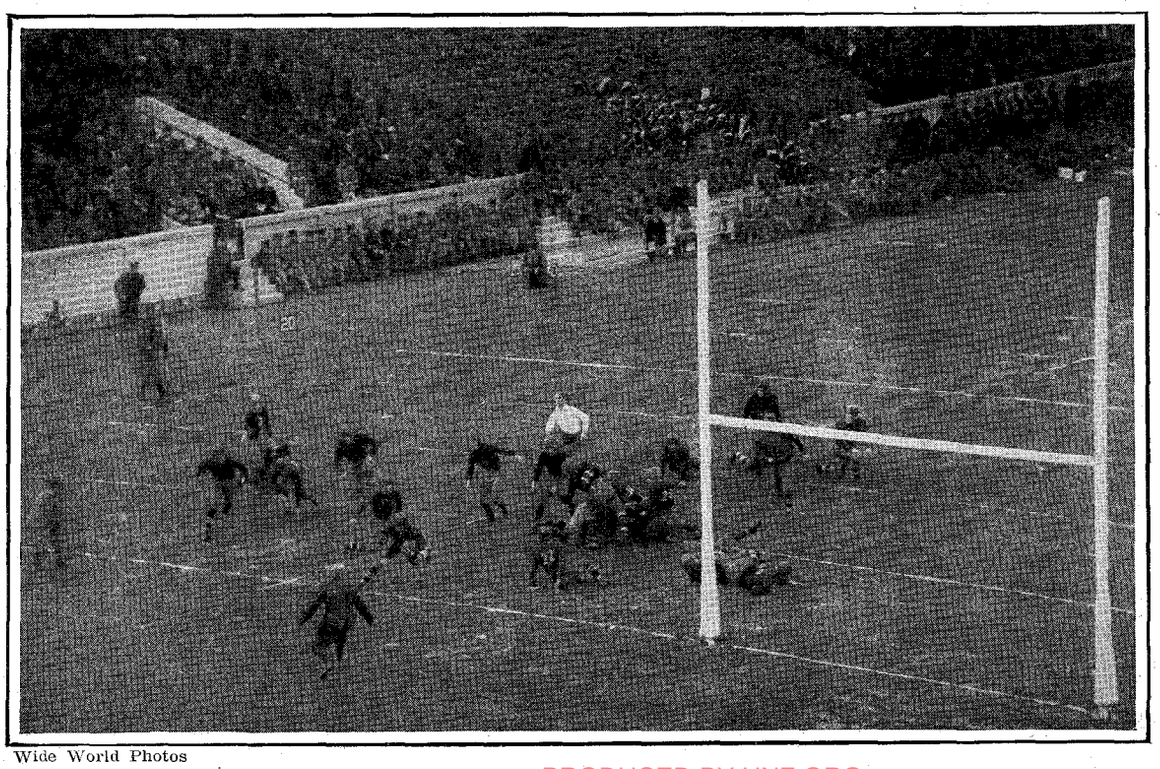


(C) Keystone

Halfback Oberlander, of Dartmouth

Chicago; Molinet of Cornell; Wood and Gilmore of the Army; Kruez of Pennsylvania; McBride and Simmons of Syracuse; Wilson of the cadet eleven; and Darling of Boston College. I am mentioning here only those I have seen in action or about whom I have had the most trustworthy reports.

It is impossible for one pair of eyes to see all the good football in the country. It is unfortunate, too, that a single observer will sometimes strike a good eleven on one of its bad days. Cottle, Scott, and others of the Yale squad were more impressive when they tackled Princeton than when they played against other elevens. But the Notre Dame and Dartmouth teams were a delight to the eyes. This was true of Dartmouth, even



Wide World Photos

Koppisch, of Columbia, scoring touchdown in the tie game (14-14) between Columbia and the Army

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when the Green backs were fumbling at New Haven.

There were several distinct novelties in the play. The one that impressed me most was put on by Illinois in the Chicago encounter. This was a completed forward pass *passed back* for a sweeping run to "Red" Grange. It took nerve and perfect co-ordination to make this play. Most elevens would prefer to take the ground gained by the completed pass. Again Yale sprung an interesting play, if an old-timer, dating back, I think, to the early days at Pennsylvania State, in which Joss, a tackle, took the pass over the line for a touchdown against Princeton. The Tiger defense failed to cover Joss, thinking that the tackle was not eligible. A little quick shifting, however, had brought him to the end of the line, where he had every right to the ball.

It was interesting to find teams in the West making the best use of the power plays after one had been led to believe that the Western coaches preferred to keep the game open at all times. It was Stagg who put on the power at Chicago, for he had a rugged line and heavy, fast, fighting backs. When they find power out there they use it, but, after all, the stress all over the country is on the open game. The "long gainers" have carried the day.

The modern game requires no more courage than the old-time affair, but it does take considerably more daring. It requires, too, more quick thinking. The strain nowadays is mental rather than physical. And the players show it.

Trapped

By Elsie Singmaster

A Tale of the Southern Mountains

I

In a moist and beautiful dell in a pocket of South Mountain two strangely assorted persons faced each other. The afternoon sun pierced the delicate but already luxuriant foliage with shafts of light which spread into golden pools on the sward, moist and springy to the foot like an English lawn, and pierced the brown depths of an abundant spring bubbling from the rocks. Round about there was a tall growth of poplar, hemlock, and white pine. A few of the mighty trees, hoary with age, reclined upon their fellows like cross-pieces set diagonally to strengthen a wall. They still lived, and their low and leafy crowns helped to make the dell secluded.

The pocket lay high in the hills, and except for a scattering group of cabins to the east there were no houses within the radius of a mile. Far beyond the cabins and far down on the plain lay Gettysburg; to the south and only a few miles away was Maryland; to the northwest across a higher ridge was Chambersburg. In the thickly wooded hills the site of more or less important events was lost or fast disappearing. To the north Indians had surrounded eleven settlers in a cabin and had scalped all but one. Mounds of earth marked the location of the huts of charcoal-burners whose interesting industry was forgotten. The beauty of this very spring had once had more than local fame, but of the hotel built for the accommodation of visitors nothing remained but heaps of large stones.

Shafts of light touched the faces of the strange pair. One was a boy, Russell Barnitz, possibly twelve years old, who stood with his hands in his ragged pockets. His thin face and legs were tanned, but through the rents in his shirt his shoulders showed white as marble. He had dark-brown hair which had evidently been shorn by the hand of an amateur. Two beautiful features caught and held the glance of every one who saw him—his wide brown eyes and his red-lipped mouth. A second glance discovered the curving line of the lips to be a little too plainly marked and their color a little too bright.

The other occupant of the dell was a woman sitting astride a tall brown horse. Her blue dress was not the habit of a horsewoman, but the uniform of those professional nurses who go from door to door in the slums or poor quarters of cities. Behind her, strapped to her saddle, was a case designed to hold medicines and other articles of a doctor's or nurse's trade. Her business was the same as that of the city nurse, but her route was different; she did not travel in trolley cars or automobiles upon paved streets, but rode on horseback down the dim aisles of the forest, seeking little cabins whither death often outstripped her. She had a large, broad face upon which there was an expression of benevolence.

She looked at the boy intently, her gaze studying his thin frame with the nurse's interest in a body for which she had cared. Hearing that he had pneumonia, she had forced her way into the Barnitz cabin against the point of Barnitz's gun, and she had visited him daily for a month. His beauty and his pathetic and cruel situation had bred in her an intense longing to possess him for herself. She was the only human being who loved him, and, though he was shyer than a squirrel, she believed herself to be the only human being whom he loved.

She tried to catch his bright gaze and she looked with alarm at his red lips, and at last forced herself to ask a question, familiar enough to be asked easily.

"How's the cough, Russell?"

Russell dug his bare toe into the soft bank of the spring. He looked down, then up, then out into the sun-flecked woods—anywhere but into the eyes which sought his. He was not only shy, he was frightened, as though Miss Graves might observe something he did not wish her to see. He could do nothing wrong here. The foliage was too damp to be set afire, and nothing valuable remained in the grass-grown ruins of the hotel. Miss Graves repeated her question.

"How about it, Russell; is the cough worse?"

"No, ma'am."

In prompt refutation his little body was shaken from head to foot. Miss Graves grew pale.

"But it is, Russell. Now listen to me. You can never get well at home, with nine other people in the cabin. You can't stand it another winter. You come and live with me and I'll make a well boy of you; then you can go to school."

She restrained her tongue from a flood of argument as she restrained her body from springing down and her arms from an embrace.

Russell dug his toe still deeper into the sand.

"Pappy won't let me."

"If you'll come, your Pappy won't take you away. You be here in an hour, and you can ride back of me. Will you?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

But Russell did know. When he was with Miss Graves, he loved her and believed her, but when she had gone he believed what Barnitz said, that she meant to trap him, to take him to Chambersburg and shut him up in a factory and make him work for her. It was

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likely that when he was not at work she would chain him in a cellar.

"You oughtn't to be in your bare feet!" Miss Graves protested, terror in her voice. "I killed a copperhead not a dozen yards from here yesterday."

"I'm not afraid," said Russell.

Miss Graves remembered the sick child to whom she had been called. She had already lingered too long.

"Come with me and try it for a month. I solemnly promise you shall come back if you want to."

"I'll see."

"Will you promise?"

"I'll see."

Miss Graves turned her horse toward the wood road.

"You'll have books and toys and you'll be well. No more coughing and weakness. Please be here when I come back!"

"I'll see," said Russell again.

Stepping to the opening, he watched her ride away. When she had disappeared a light died out of his face and, coughing heavily, he sat on a stone. When the paroxysm was over, he pushed aside a leafy branch and, stooping, lifted from the ground a little cage made of withes and a few bits of wire. Within was a strange-looking bird, black and rusty brown with a white band across its breast. It eyed him with an almost human terror, and the beating of its heart shook the frail cage and even the thin hand and arm which held it. He seemed to be considering some course of action. If it was to let the bird fly, he decided against it and hid the cage in the low shrubbery where he found it. But again he stooped and picked it up. Whatever his impulse was, it seemed to frighten him. He put his hand on the cunningly devised latch of the little door, but again changed his mind and, hiding the cage, walked out of the dell, taking the opposite direction from that which Miss Graves had taken. He was hungry, and he would go home.

Behind him the forest seemed to come alive. Sun-flecked leaves began to twinkle, myriads of insects to hum, and the brook to murmur happily. There was another sound expressing mysteriously misery and sorrow, a sort of harsh chuckle which came from the cage hidden away.

II

HAVING approached his home with caution, Russell walked across the clearing. The house was built of logs and the chinks were closed with plaster. One tree had been left in the clearing, a magnificent white pine, into which there ascended a column of pale, gray-blue smoke which lay with lovely effect among the branches. The roof shingles had been replaced by corrugated tin—otherwise the cabin was picturesque. There was a scattered garden—a few stalks of corn here, a few rows of beans there, and in what had once been a flower-bed a few tomato plants. On the small porch several persons moved slightly as though roused from torpidity by Russell's approach. There were three half-grown girls—one on a chair, one on a bench, one on the steps, two with infants in their arms. Several sleeping dogs lifted their heads alertly, but laid them down when they recognized a familiar step. Somewhere about were a half-dozen other children, most of them younger than Russell.

Seeing the column of smoke, Russell hesitated—he had hoped that Barnitz was away. There was no reason why Barnitz should stay at home; his wife tilled the garden and did the cooking, and there was little other work. He had much business away from home, though it was not business which was advertised. When there was a vague and distant shot out of hunting season, it was his gun which had brought down a pheasant, a squirrel, or a deer. When all the trees in a little orchard, creeping up into the woodland, were girdled in a night, it was his sharp knife which had protested against the advance of civilization. When a column of smoke winding from a heap of carefully placed leaves drew the fire-wardens as the hoarse sound of a city siren draws volunteers, he was departing from the neighborhood in long strides. When any mountaineer had more apple jack or corn whisky than he needed, it was Barnitz who arranged the sale with some thirsty resident of the plain. He was seldom entirely sober, and, drunk or sober, he abused his family.

As Russell drew near, his sisters regarded him with interest. All had pale-brown hair and blue eyes, and the shade of their slightly tanned skins—tanned while they sat idly in the sun—made their eyes bluer. Mrs. Barnitz came to the door, and her eyes were blue also. Her slatternly dress was unfastened, her hair uncombed, and her cavernous mouth, open constantly as she licked her dry lips with a circular sweep of her tongue, revealed gums which held but three teeth. She was, however, a scholar; she could read, and this accomplishment was not the possession of any of her family.

The nervous licking of her lips became more rapid as Russell approached. She was afraid of him, and afraid for him, and afraid for herself because of him. It was unjust of Barnitz to hold her to strict account, since he allowed himself latitude in all directions, and it was inconsiderate constantly to punish Russell for the existence for which he was not responsible. Of a fatalistic turn, she saw a solution of the situation—Russell had, it was clear, the "taking off," and he would probably not live many months. He had spent the night out of doors, and so had Barnitz, who had arrived home in a bad humor and for whom she was now preparing dinner.

Approaching the step, Russell remembered the pleasant face and the smooth, clean, cool hands of the nurse. He looked at the lounging figures, and involuntarily he put up his hand and drew his collarless shirt together.

"Pappy home?" he asked.

The girls smiled; there was in them all a strong, cruel humor. His mother, who would have helped him, was too startled to utter a warning.

"No," said two girls together. "Pappy ain't home."

If they had not thus deceived him into a brief inattention, he might have escaped, but in the moment's delay Barnitz came round the house. The smaller children had fled, but his older daughters were not afraid, knowing too much about him to submit to abuse. He was a shambling yet powerful man with a tremendous reach of arm, and while Russell turned to flee he seized him and lifted him from the ground.

"I'll learn ye to stay out! It's the lady nurse that bids ye defy. I'll learn ye!"

He shook the small body, holding it by the shoulders until it seemed as though every bone must loosen at the joint. When he set him down, the boy slipped from his hands and lay on the ground, his lips pale and a red stain on cheek and chin.

Barnitz prodded him with his foot till he rose.

"Clear out!" he shouted. "You can't stay here." Vile epithets hurled directly at Russell and indirectly at his mother hung in the still air, a foul emanation.

Russell crept slowly away. He would go into the woods and lie down, and after a while his mother would send some one with food. He must have food, and after that oblivion. In half an hour one of the girls found him, in her hand a plate on which the beans and pork had steamed themselves cold.

"There," she said in a matter-of-fact way. "He's sleepin'. You can come home."

Russell made no answer. The girl produced from her pocket a little bottle.

"Mammy said you should drink this."

His mother had mixed the corn-whisky with water, but it still burned a

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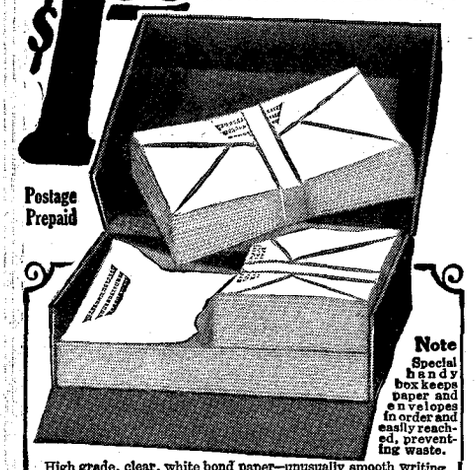

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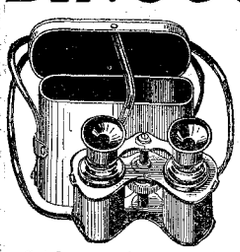

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throat raw with coughing. It heartened and strengthened him, and, forgetting his desire for sleep, he rose a new man. All the softness had gone out of his face and he walked steadily except when he stopped to cough. A drunkard eaten with desire for liquor would show the same set countenance. He walked on through the lovely woods in which spears of light were slowly sinking to horizontal and made his way back to the beautiful quiet glade. He was not in search of drink, but of a more dreadful and soul-deadening form of dissipation.

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Returning the exhausted bird to its prison, he stepped on the ruins of the old foundation in order to place the cage on the low branch of a tree. Feeling the bark of the oak beneath its feet, the bird stretched itself out flat and closed its eyes. Russell was looking at it curiously, wondering with an uneasy pang whether it would die, when suddenly the ill-poised

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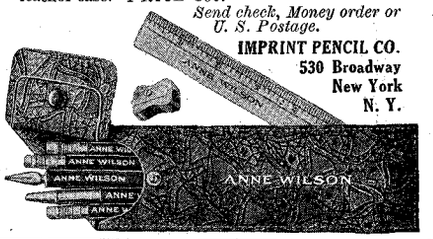

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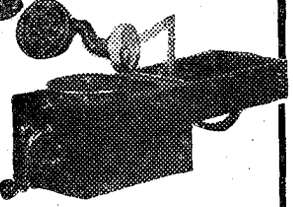

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THE EDITORS OF THE OUTLOOK
381 Fourth Avenue, New York

stone beneath his feet turned and he lost his balance. He tried to leap away, but the pile slid and he with it, and he had suddenly the oblivion for which he longed.

III

THE glade was growing dim when he opened his eyes, and it was a long time before he could remember where he was and why he was here. He understood at last that he was lying on the ground, that the rocks had fallen upon him, and that he must move them away or slide out from under them. But he could not stir; they pinned down all one side of his body from shoulder to foot. He could not even send a muscular impulse into arm or leg, nor had he any feeling in them.

The shock of terror rendered him again insensible, and when he recovered the glade was almost dark. His face was pressed into the grass, and he could see nothing higher than a foot. He felt no pain as yet, and did not understand that he would feel pain. When he heard some one approach, he would shout for help. Miss Graves had passed long ago, but a few industrious mountain men were working at a sawmill on the other side of the Chambersburg pike, and they would presently be going home, since this was Saturday evening. The daughter of the nearest neighbor had a lover whom she met in the woods; he or she would pass near enough to be hailed. He lay listening intently.

Then, suddenly, as if springing into a breach opened for another, pain sprang upon him. The anguish of three broken bones and the ache in every strained muscle closed his throat, then opened it in a shriek. He screamed again and again; then, biting his lips, compelled himself to be quiet. He must save his strength for the moment that he heard the sound of a footstep or a creaking buggy. The glade became perfectly dark; it was already perfectly quiet. He heard, he was certain, a human being walking on the road, and, inhaling all the air which his cramped lungs would contain, he tried to send it out in a loud shout.

But an amazing thing happened, so amazing that he did not realize at first that it was serious and perhaps fatal. He could not hear his own great cry. It was not, in the first place, as loud as he expected it to be. In the second place—and it was this which dumfounded him—the caged bird above his head began to shout also, as if in derision, "Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!" The raucous scream continued for several minutes; then there was silence. The sound of voices was unmistakable—the neighbors were passing. Again Russell filled his lungs and again he shouted, but again the bird uttered rapidly its vociferous wail. It did not stop, but went on and on, twenty times, fifty, a hundred, a hundred and fifty, without pause—it seemed to have within its throat a mechanism wound to go forever. It was useless to contend against it. When at last it ceased, there was no sound of footsteps or voices. The girl and her lover were now his only hope, and he began to coax the whippoorwill.

"If you sing, they won't hear me and they won't come. Then you'll die, bird. *You'll die!*" This he managed to scream, terror giving him strength. "I'll get them to let you out before they help me. Only don't sing, bird, I tell you!"

It was like addressing the empty air—was there a bird above his head? Or did it scorn to reply?

He heard, or thought he heard, after a while other footsteps; this was surely Leila and her lover! And he called, "Oh, help! Help!" But he could not hear himself; a company of soldiers might have passed before the bird grew quiet.

He remembered that to-morrow was Sunday, and that in the morning the men would not go to work. He began to utter his repentance and shame.

"I oughtn't to 'a' done it, bird! I oughtn't to 'a' done it! But if you'll stop we can both get free. I'll think of you first of all; before they take the rocks off'n me, I'll think of you."

Presently he fell into a sleep which was almost unconsciousness, and when he woke the moon shone upon him and the grass was wet beneath his cheek. Barnitz was drunk, he would not be abroad; there was no hope even of him.

In the pale light of dawn he opened his eyes again. He was positive now that he heard the sound of hoofs, not of one horse alone but of a hundred, and he believed in his semi-delirium that Miss Graves was coming with an army to rescue him. No, it would not be Miss Graves; she had gone home yesterday.

But some one was coming, riding slowly along, and he managed to lift his head an inch and to fill his lungs once more. He had not expelled the first breath, he had uttered no sound, not even the delirious moan which was all he could have produced, when again the bird began to scream its hateful chant. It seemed to be delirious also; it beat its wing to keep time with its cry. Before it ceased complete unconsciousness dulled

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Russell's ears; unless help arrived he would never again hear either the whip-poorwill or any other sound.

IV

RUSSELL woke at last on Wednesday. He lay on his back, and when he opened his eyes he saw a pale-yellow ceiling. He moaned, and a nurse came and sat down beside him. After a long while he opened his eyes for the second time and recognized the ceiling as strange. Its shape was different from the one ceiling he knew; it was smooth and it was not stained by smoke. Where was he?

His first impulse was to spring up. But he was bound down by rocks—he remembered it now—and no one would come to help him. His moan brought the face of the nurse closer to his. She was a stranger, but she was a human being, and his eye fastened itself upon her. If only she were like Miss Graves and would help him, and not like Barnitz, who would be glad to see him die! He felt her hand on his, and he tried to moisten his dry lips and speak, but he failed. She bent forward and pressed a cold wet tube to his mouth, and he slowly drew a delicious and reviving trickle into his throat, better than the burning liquor.

"You're in the hospital in Chambersburg," she said, distinctly. "You hurt yourself, and we're going to make you well."

"The rocks," he whispered, trying to look at his body. "They press on me."

"Those are splints and bandages, not rocks. They hold you firmly, they'll help you to get well. You must be very brave. Will you?"

"I will," he promised. "But"—

"But what?"

He frowned, a deep uneasiness defining itself slowly. Anguish of mind brought beads of sweat to his forehead. He knew now what it was to be trapped and bound! The nurse believed it was the inevitable pain which, once begun, would surge through him for days.

"I'm going to give you some delicious broth," she said. "Then I'm going to put some medicine in your arm to make you sleep."

He tried to say, "The bird, oh, set the bird free!" but the nurse held the tube to his lips. When he had finished, he tried to cry out, "There's a bird, you must set it free!" but the nurse kept on talking.

"When you wake Miss Graves will be here."

He succeeded at last in shaping the words, "There is a bird," but the nurse only smiled.

"Not a bird, dear—Miss Graves. Un-

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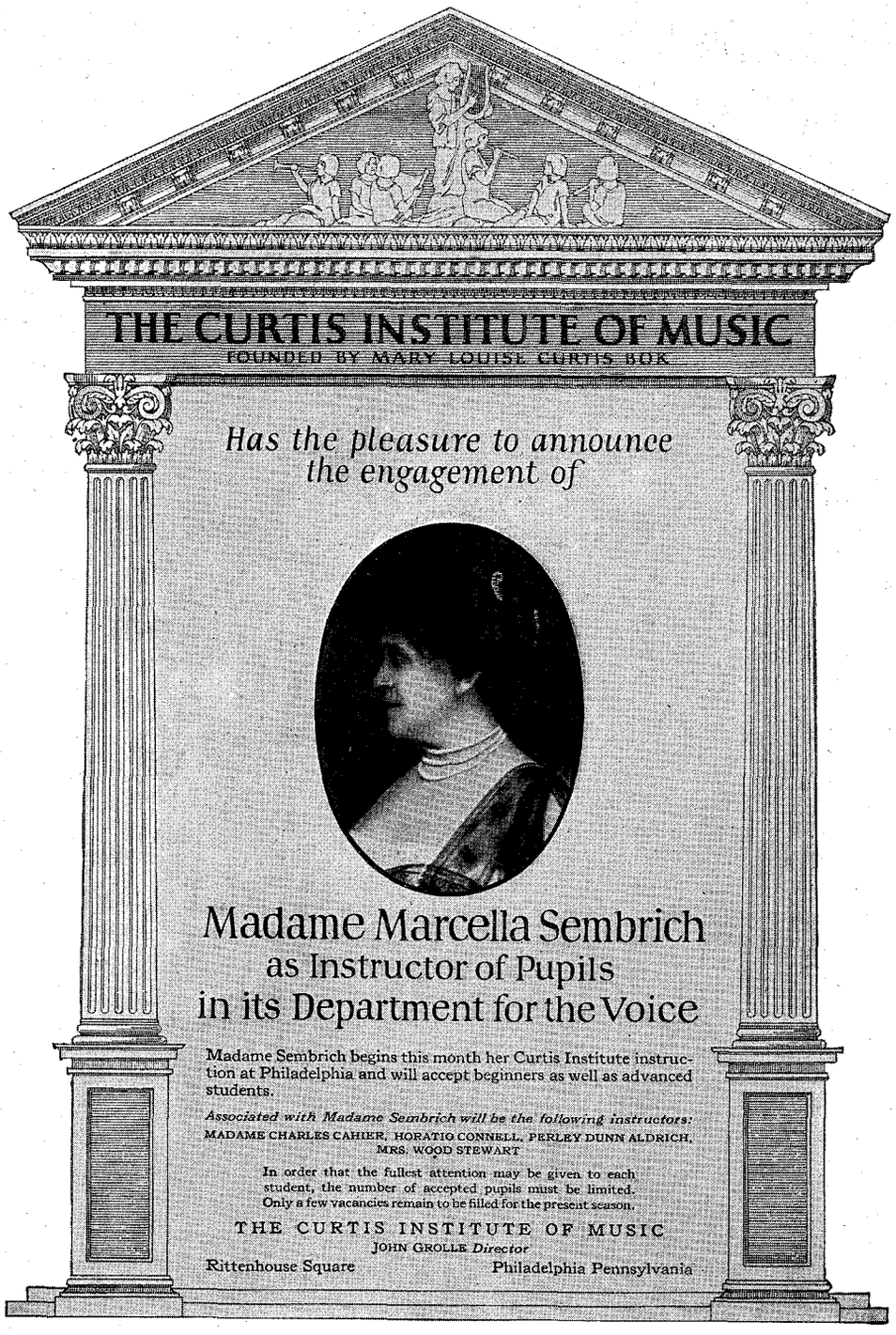
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less you mean that Miss Graves is a—is a"—

His eyes closed, the faint color faded from his face, and, after watching him for a few moments, the nurse went away.

V

WHEN Russell woke again, it was night and there was a dim light in the room. A long time passed before he understood where he was; then he learned new facts. The room was large, much larger than any he had ever seen, and there were other beds, in each of which lay a man. The one nearest him, smiling kindly, said, "He's awake, Miss."

From the outer shadow appeared a blue figure, which sat beside him. He felt a strong, firm hand; he knew that clasp, it helped all trouble. He heard a voice say cheerfully that everything was all right, that he would have a little pain by and by, but that he would get well; and he grasped the warm hand as if to lift himself from a sea of remorse and grief.

"There was a bird," he said. "A whippoorwill."

"Yes," said Miss Graves. "If it had not been for the whippoorwill I wouldn't have found you. The baby was so ill I stayed all night, and I was coming home. The whippoorwill seemed to say, 'Come and help, come and help!' "

Russell was afraid to ask the question trembling on his lips, but his broken heart seemed to speak for him.

"Did you let it go?"

"Yes, I let it go. You couldn't take care of it now, could you?"

"No." Hot tears ran down his cheeks.

"So I let it go. It flew into the woods; home, perhaps, to its mate. Aren't you glad?"

Happiness, pain, longing, came upon him as though they were birds together. Miss Graves knew the sign of pain, and she knelt and slipped her arm under his brown head.

"Steady, now," she said. "Steady. It won't last forever."

But he could not yet heed the stern presence; he had one more question to ask.

"Will I ever have to go back?"

"No," said Miss Graves, happily. "No, you will never have to go back."

The Book Table

Our Drama Heritage

Reviews by MONTROSE J. MOSES

SOME of the recent books on the drama give us ample opportunity to contemplate the past, the present, and the future in the theater. We have reached that stage in the revolt against old-time methods of acting and playwriting where we can revalue what we have had and get some kind of perspective. That is a hopeful sign, when tradition has been so generously and willingly thrown overboard. Our young men of the theater have suddenly become old. William Butler Yeats is taking the attitude—in the new Macmillan edition of his works—of placing himself in time; Gordon Craig, noting how far the revolt in stage direction has gone, finds, in his foreword to the new edition of his "On the Art of the Theater,"[1] that he is no longer the last word on that subject; Walter Eaton, sitting in a grandfather's chair up in the Berkshires, puts on his specs and begins to read old-time theatrical biography, finding it quaint and with certain social significance; Clayton Hamilton, standing on the platform at Columbia—with a stenographer in front, taking down everything he says—tells the younger generation that he has been going to the theater for thirty-five years, and deplores the flapper laugh of the younger set, who think Pinero doesn't know one-half of what he should know about sex and morality; Francis Wilson, the veteran of players, shows a young heart in retrospect and gives advice to the newcomer about his profession. So wags the world—the old order changes, giving place to new.

How far it changes is clearly measured in Eaton's "The Actor's Heritage."[2] His chapter on "Legs in Grandpa's Day" sounds sedate when one recalls what these same legs are in the days of Ziegfeld and the numberless Follies and Revues. His contemplation of the theater and the frontier brings to light many vivid adventures of old-time managers, but I believe that the frontier, which they once conquered amid the forest primeval, needs once more to be opened up. The commercial manager has allowed it to become the jungle again. This narrative of Eaton's is delightfully naïve, refreshing, and it is made very vivid by as splendid an array of pictures as I have ever seen in a theater book.

Frank Vernon's "The Twentieth-Century Theatre"[3] and Clayton Hamilton's "Conversations on Contemporary Drama"[4] give the impression somehow that, as far as our immediate theater is concerned—the theater of the Capeks' "R U R"—we are in the twenty-first century. The way they both handle Pinero and Jones, Barrie and Galsworthy, Shaw and others—Vernon trenchantly and Hamilton professorially—gives one the feeling that they are speaking of phenomena that are no more. But Hamilton—grown more of a drama Tory than ever—holds his old loves up with the attitude of wanting to shame the new worker who can't construct (so it seems to him) with anything of the surety of Pinero or sentimentalize with half the felicity of Barrie. Both these writers are pre-eminently healthy, but they are conservative to a degree. They take as a foregone conclusion that the theater they are writing about is permanent; that nothing can upset it; that experiment in stagecraft, with its use of the undigested terms "expressionism," "presentational," is somewhat of a theater aberration. Both Vernon and Hamilton act toward modernity as Rip acted when, on his return to the village, he heard his folk speak of "Federal" and "Democrat." Morgan's "Tendencies of Modern English Drama"[5] does not attempt to estimate these same dramatists, treated by Vernon and Hamilton as of the living theater; he dissects them more philosophically, as writers whose symptoms are well fixed, as men shaping tendencies and passing on to the younger generation legacies they cannot do without. This book, in comparison with Mario Borso's "The English Stage of Today," published in 1908, is a contemplative thesis rather than a running commentary. It has not so much the first-hand touch of the theater as the student touch of the library. But it is suggestive and worth while.

None of these men lose their tempers in discussing the drama they liked

[1] On the Art of the Theatre. By Gordon Craig. (New Edition.) Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $3.

[2] The Actor's Heritage: Scenes from the Theatre of Yesterday and the Day Before. By Walter Prichard Eaton. Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston. $4.

[3] The Twentieth-Century Theatre. By Frank Vernon. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.50.

[4] Conversations on Contemporary Drama. By Clayton Hamilton. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

[5] Tendencies of Modern English Drama. By A. E. Morgan. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.

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"when they were young." Change does not seem to irritate them, as it does St. John Ervine, who in his "The Organized Theatre"[6] seems suddenly to have waked up to a condition in the theater—the need of organization—which Matthew Arnold realized so far back as 1879. Ervine's point of view is totally insular. He makes suggestions that are original to him but not so to us in America. His vigor is all on the conservative side. As an Irishman he is more English than ever. This book had much better have remained a series of lectures. We recommend to his notice the excellent second series of "Carolina Folk-Plays,"[7] fostered by Professor Frederick H. Koch, the founder of such method as that which produced them: the communal method, whereby group consciousness is concentrated on the construction of plays from material near at hand. From Professor Koch's Introduction, which is illuminating and full of fascination, he will readily grasp the way in which organization is being handled in the State of North Carolina. Folk consciousness has ever been awake among dramatists in England, Ireland, and Wales; but it looks as if folk consciousness in Carolina and Dakota—first awakened by Koch himself—were to be a great factor in giving impetus to theater organization in those two States of the Union. If there, why not elsewhere with work not distinctly folk plays? Professor Koch might use as his motto: "Oh, Broadway, where is your sting?"

This irritation on the part of Mr. Ervine has no invigorating irony about it; it is not pungent or illuminating. It is inclined to be deadly dull. Take from George Jean Nathan's "Materia Critica"[8] the author's satyr pose, and there is some sound wisdom—always entertainingly expressed—in his random paragraphs which he throws off lightly, flauntingly. There are many of these paragraphs not worth the saving; there are some, however, which lengthen into very suggestive essays on art and artists, dramatists, actors and the theater in general. Take as an example his consideration of Walter Hampden. Throughout the book one detects him interested in the critic's job. He has written one excellent book on dramatic criticism; this new volume keeps up, at certain moments, his clear insight into the critic's province—a criterion of critics he does not always follow. But Nathan is not dull; it's only every now and then

[6] The Organized Theatre. (A Plea in Civics.) By St. John Ervine. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

[7] Carolina Folk-Plays. With Explanatory Matter by Frederick H. Koch. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $2.

[8] Materia Critica. By George Jean Nathan. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $2.50 net.

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that one feels like clipping his tongue, or, rather, washing it of the bad taste the theater gives him.

There is no hesitation about his telling you who's who and what's what. And he doesn't want to tell you with that serviceable intention which marks Burns Mantle's "The Best Plays of 1923–1924."[9] This is a standard yearbook, of inestimable service for the writer on the theater, and a sort of dramatic digest for those who wish to know exactly what the plays are talking about. Mr. Mantle is not aiming for unusual announcements; he is the heralder of public taste as reflected in reaction in the box-office and in the press. Very few will disagree with his choice of "The Show-Off," "Hell-Bent fer Heaven," "The Swan," "Outward Bound," "The Goose Hangs High," "Beggar on Horseback," "The Changelings," "Sun-Up," "Chicken Feed," and "Tarnish." All of these have been published in full. Mr. Mantle condenses them here. In addition you are given the casts and plots of everything in the past dramatic season.

The publishing of plays goes on with unabated regularity. The theater of any worth is the theater in type. You go to see Shaw's "Saint Joan,"[10] and you chafe until it is issued. That is partly because you want to read more closely the argumentative long speeches; it is also because you want to know how brilliantly he overflows in his preface. And you perhaps reach the conclusion, just as I have, with the book in my hand, that there are brilliancies and bare places in both. Shaw just can't reach the height of Joan as a dramatist any more than he can as a historian. One is never cheated out of his enjoyment; Shaw gives the reader plenty of Shaw. He knows what we expect, and we know what to expect. Just listen to his valuation of Mark Twain's Joan: ". . . skirted to the ground, and with as many petticoats as Noah's wife in a toy ark, . . . an attempt to combine Bayard with Esther Summerson from 'Bleak House' into an unimpeachable American school-teacher in armor."

Six of Galsworthy's plays[11] have been herded together with an adequate introduction by Professor Baker, of Harvard, for the use of schools. The collection is a very apt illustration I need for my statement that we are self-consciously dating ourselves. We can now study Galsworthy, so the intent seems to be, in a "fixed" manner; his type of social conscience will not allow him to depart from the method employed in such pieces as "Justice," "Strife," "The Silver Box," and "The Pigeon." If we never get more representative plays than these —"The Forest" is of the same stuff—it is merely because Galsworthy is at heart a novelist, just as I have always contended that Barrie is. So that I have had a certain grudge against the theater stealing Barrie away from fiction, where, I think, such a theme as he developed sketchily in "Mary Rose"[12] would have been more adequately treated. Yet the theater cannot do without either Barrie or Galsworthy. And just as all social sentiment in the theater has never appealed to us as much as Barrie's "Admirable Crichton" and "What Every Woman Knows," so we could ill spare

[9] The Best Plays of 1923–1924. By Burns Mantle. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $2.50.

[10] Saint Joan. By Bernard Shaw. Brentano's, New York. $2.25.

[11] Representative Plays by John Galsworthy. With an Introduction by George P. Baker. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.60. The Forest. By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.

[12] Mary Rose. By J. M. Barrie. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.

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"Justice" and "The Pigeon." Galsworthy is an artist in both his media. One has only to read plays written by others in which social problems are uppermost in mind to see how adequate is the method of Galsworthy. The first giveaway, on the part of Francis Neilson, that he is not fundamentally a dramatist is his lack of ear for stage dialogue. Note this from one of his characters in "The Desire for Change:" "The net result as far as I see is this: that initiative has been destroyed in the beneficiaries, and the benefactor has become nothing but a philanthropic slave to their whims." Imagine an actor saying it, an audience getting it! In the three plays by Mr. Neilson [13] there is sort of a near semblance to drama—satire without sparkle. There is no indication that these plays have been produced. Are they raw material for the stage? One seems to hear on every page the author's social conscience champing at the bit of stage technique which has not mastered him nor been mastered by him.

That is not the trouble with Percival Wilde; he and stage technique are in love with each other. If only the weight of his content was as unerring as his handling! He says in an unnecessary preface to "The Inn of Discontent, and Other Fantastic Plays" [14] that "the character is superior to the play." His volume consists almost wholly of generalized character, and his plots are moved with a one, two, three precision that makes them easy to act. But these plays are decorative; they do not bite into life, they do not sparkle with brilliant dialogue. They are clever sleights of hand—a hand that is excellently sure of what effect it wants to gain. One merely questions the permanence of the effect. Mr. Wilde has become just a little too ruminative of what Little Theatres are able to do. But I believe he is capable of something bigger, if he'll only do it.

Space does not permit of extended notice of Wiener's "The Contemporary Drama of Russia," [15] a most "compendible" packet of information about a subject on which not much in English is to be had. Nor can I give sufficient hint of the flavor of Francis Wilson's humor [16] through a long life of making other people merry as well as himself. There is much between covers this season to enable the most isolated devotee of dramatic art to keep in touch with the theater.

[13] A Mixed Foursome—The Impossible Philanthropist—The Desire for Change. Three Plays by Francis Neilson. B. W. Huebsch. New York. $1.50 each.

[14] The Inn of Discontent. By Percival Wilde. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50 net.

[15] The Contemporary Drama of Russia. By Leo Wiener. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.50 net.

[16] Francis Wilson's Life of Himself. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

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OIL. By Walter Gilkyson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

Returning from the Great War, reluctant to face the petty routine of a law office, Hugh Warwick is vaguely reaching toward some new occupation in which he can feel himself still in touch with great affairs and serving high ideals. Instead, he is swept into the drama and excitement of oil, and the battle-ground of the oil fields becomes also the scene of an inward struggle in which he is torn between the opposite needs of his own nature and the demands of two women—Cecil, gentle and fine, and Imogen, the passionate and ambitious daughter of an oil magnate, who strives as ruthlessly as her father to seize whatever she desires. An interesting group of people, strongly drawn, and an especially interesting background depicted with ability, knowledge, and imagination.

PRICELESS PEARL (THE). By Alice Duer Miller. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.75.

An amusing and lively tale of a nice girl who loses job after job because she is so good-looking that the partners and clerks would fall in love with her. That she was industrious and well-behaved mattered not; she was "a disturbing influence." So by a little artifice she becomes a governess in place of a less beautiful but more learned girl, and romantic complications follow.

PASSIONATE QUEST (THE). By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

As an attempt to leave his beaten track of clever crime and detective tales Mr. Oppenheim's new story is a failure. His hard, puritanical uncle (who ends as a fairy godfather bestowing gifts) and the three wards who break away—one an avaricious would-be master of finance, one an emotional and weakish poet, the third just a nice girl—are, with due respect, just bunk; the girl alone is real at times.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

JOURNAL OF FIRST VOYAGE TO AMERICA. By Christopher Columbus. Albert and Charles Boni, New York. $3.50.

This reprint of Samuel Kettell's translation of the abstract made by Bartolome de las Casas from the diary kept by Columbus on his momentous first voyage is most welcome. It is a quaint document, full of psychological as well as historic interest, fraught with unconscious humor and rendered pathetic by the anxiety for gold recorded on almost every one of its pages. One rather regrets, however, that neither the publishers nor Mr. Van Wyck Brooks in his charming Introduction have seen fit to state clearly the character of the republished work, but have left the uninformed reader free to think it the original journal of the great discoverer.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

LAND OF JOURNEY'S ENDING (THE). By Mary Austin. The Century Company, New York. $4.

Westward from El Paso to the Colorado, and northward to Santa Fé, the San Juan, and the Grand Canyon, is a land of mystery and of charm, which is described in this book. Once you roam over its colorful desert amid cactus, ocotillo, and yucca, you must often return to satisfy the longing of your soul. What marvelous canyons are here to explore and high-flung mesas with far-reaching views! In this land of romance and legend long ago lived the little brown men of the cliffs. Here the thrill of discovery awaits you far from the noise of the city; here is rest for the soul amid mountains whose summits seem near to the stars.

SCIENCE

ANIMAL LIFE IN THE YOSEMITE. By Joseph Grinnell and Tracy Irwin Storer. The University of California Press, Berkeley. $7.50.

This is an example of those scientific works of which the State publication "Birds of New York" was a type. That is, it is the comprehensive and careful work of two zoölogists, who have also planned to make an attractive and beautiful book. It is for library use rather than popular reading, as it is a heavy volume of more than six hundred pages. The exquisite colored plates from paintings by Allan Brooks, the half-tones from photographs, and other features add to its interest and value. An admirable work.

WAR BOOKS

WITH LAWRENCE IN ARABIA. By Lowell Thomas. The Century Company, New York. $4.

Mr. Thomas has waited long enough after the events described in this volume to make sure of a dispassionate judgment and a balanced perspective; on the other hand, he has not waited so long that he has lost the sounds, the smells, the human touches of the Arabian-British campaign against the Turks. Therefore Lowell Thomas has produced a book which has the rare distinction of being

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MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

FAMOUS SCULPTORS OF AMERICA. By J. Walker McSpadden. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $3.50.

Though the author says frankly that this is not a work of art criticism, there is a good deal of criticism of the most interesting kind in it—that of the artists themselves as to their art. The chapters are intimate, informal, biographical, and nearly always based on personal interviews with the sculptors. They tell the life histories and something of the chief accomplishments of such men as Saint-Gaudens, MacMonnies, Ward, French, Bartlett, Borglum, Barnard, and such women as Vonnoh, Hyatt, and Scudder. There are many half-tone pictures, some of which do justice to their subjects and all of which enhance the interest of a book that will entertain and enlighten the casual reader as to the sculptors who have made our parks and museums more agreeable to the eye than they were a generation ago.

Notes on New Books

LITTLE ROQUE AND OTHER STORIES. By Guy de Maupassant. Translated by Ernest Boyd. Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

The first volume in a collected edition of the novels and stories of de Maupassant. Adequately translated.

MEMORIES. By the Viscount Long. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $7.50.

The author, better known as Walter Long, served forty years in Parliament, and was for more than thirty years in the Cabinet. He held among other posts, that of Colonial Secretary and of First Lord of the Admiralty.

SOME MAGAZINES AND MAGAZINE MAKERS. By John E. Drewry. The Stratford Company, Boston. $2.

Laudatory descriptions of the principal American magazines and periodicals, with sketches of writers and editors. The author holds a distinguished position as a Professor of Journalism and Director of Publicity in the University of Georgia, and when we read in his section on The Outlook that "The Book Table is the department conducted by Brander Matthews" we feel that the mistake is not his, but ours.

LIFE SYMBOLS AS RELATED TO SEX SYMBOLISM. By Elizabeth E. Goldsmith. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

An elaborately illustrated and well-indexed book upon a subject which requires both learning and frank treatment. The author has popularized and a little cheapened it, and has combined the results of some genuine research with various theories and ideas for which there is no foundation except her own opinion. Its scholarship is open to question.

THE WAY OUT. By Edward A. Filene. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.50.

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THE LITERARY SPOTLIGHT. Preface by John Farrar. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.50.

Essays about American writers—living ones—reprinted from the "Bookman." By various writers—humorous, satirical, fresh, or clever. Pencil caricatures by William Gropper. The text is also mostly caricature.

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The novels of Matteo Bandello in their most celebrated and picturesque translation.

WHITE AND BLACK IN EAST AFRICA. By Hermann Norden. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $5.

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CRIMINOLOGY. By Edwin H. Sutherland. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. (Lippincott Sociological Series.)

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SOME ASPECTS OF MODERN POETRY. By Alfred Noyes. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $2.50.

Essays upon English and American poets. The author punctures a few of the balloons which have been inflated by the recent "rebels" among poets and critics of poetry.

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SLAPSTICK AND DUMBBELL. By Hiler Harzberg and Arthur Moss. Joseph Lawren, New York. $2.50.

An essay on clowns, with odd and appropriate illustrations.

HUMPTY DUMPTY. By Ben Hecht. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

Nearly 400 pages in this novel; the word "sex" or an analogue on nearly every page, and the whole book pretty tedious. Only hard labor can accomplish this result.

IN THE LAND OF THE LAUGHING BUDDHA. By Upton Close. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The author, whose real name is Josef Washington Hall, has spent eight years in China, and describes his travels there, and especially the political upheavals of recent years, in a lively and entertaining manner.

THE WINDOWS OF WESTMINSTER. By A Gentleman with a Duster, Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street." G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

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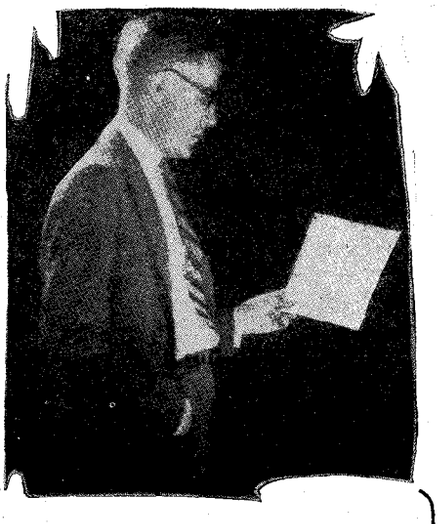

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Charts, Indexes, and Curves

By WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

BUSINESS and financial statistics, arrayed in curves, charts, graphs, indexes, and tabulations of one kind and another, are everywhere published for our education. It is hard to pick up a newspaper or magazine that does not offer something in this line. As a writer recently said:

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whether the general level of production in basic industries is at an average amount, or five, or ten, or any definite percentage above or below the average. Not only was forecasting the future based on 'hunches,' but it was often difficult for the average man to gauge current conditions correctly. Statistics which will indicate current conditions with a considerable degree of accuracy are now available to any one who is willing to study them."

Notwithstanding these facts, the very profusion of charts and indexes, to say nothing of the complexity of some of them, confuses the average person and at times leads him to exclaim: "What's the use? I can't understand them, and they contradict each other!" And when charts have to do with the course of security prices, interest rates, and, above all, with the stock market, confusion is still further confounded.

Probably every one who studies business charts is more interested in trying to see what the future will bring forth than in the record they present of the past. The theory is, of course, that the past indicates the trend or tendency. But does it?

In the following paragraphs an attempt is made to answer this question.

Let it be said, in the first place, that there are several tested indexes which show whether general business or trade is active or depressed. One of these is freight-car loadings, which are published weekly and report the loadings of revenue freight, the classes of commodity that are moving, and the districts of the country where these movements occur.

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If you study these records, you see in cross section a very large percentage of the business of the country—shipments of iron ore, of forest products, of coal, grain, and farm products, and of miscellaneous merchandise in less than car-load lots. Obviously, the curve on which freight-car loadings are plotted is very important because it draws together the results of business activities in all lines of endeavor. Due, further, to the fact that this information is reported weekly, it is always fresh and represents the latest developments.

Pig-iron production has for many years been accepted as the barometer of business because iron enters into general consumption. One well-known banker has gone so far as to state that when the production of pig iron falls below a certain point and is on its downward course that is not the time to buy stocks; when pig iron rises beyond a certain point, profitable stock buying can begin.

Another general index which is good because it is general is the volume of bank debits to individual accounts. It is plain that if business is active people will spend money, and if they spend money by check this fact will be reflected in

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their bank accounts by debits or charges. Similarly, what is known as the "rate of turnover of bank deposits" is widely accepted as an accurate reflection of business conditions—that is to say, of current business activity.

The wholesale and retail price curves are, of course, fundamental. They record facts which none can overlook. Money rates, the number of commercial failures, net sales of department stores, manufacturing activity, employment conditions in leading industries, and a score of other sets of data are easily available.

The difficulty is not in securing information, but in knowing what is the relative value of each piece of information. It is impossible to add up, say, five factors, as, for example, bank debits, wholesale prices, freight-car loadings, pig-iron production, and money rates, divide by five, and obtain an average that means anything whatever. Each factor is important, but just how important in attempting to grasp the entire situation? That is the question; this is the puzzle.

In studying curves and indexes the average person is likely to go very far astray unless he possesses some fundamental facts as to industry in general and industries in particular. For example, we have long known that something was the matter with the coal industry—but we did not know what. Lately, after careful scientific researches, we know that one trouble, so far as the labor situation is concerned, is that the industry is not "stabilized"—that is, there is not steady work for the miners. This is the key to the demand for retaining war wages.

More broadly speaking, we do not yet fully realize that as a nation we are equipped to produce more than we can consume; hence we are bound to suffer from depressions due to overproduction. A study made by the Cleveland Trust Company of cotton, coal, paper, iron, steel, lumber, wool, meat, silk, cement, and automobiles revealed the fact that at the highest rate of production in 1923 the average *excess* output was 31 per cent above normal consuming requirements. "Reduced to terms of a year, this means, according to the above investigation, that *our industries in about nine months can produce all that we can consume in twelve.*"

Another fundamental consideration should be mentioned in this connection. I refer to the interrelation of industries. The phonograph business, for example, has been hurt by the spectacular rise of radio. Textile mills are vitally affected by capricious changes in fashions. The packers tell us that the failure of the public to purchase cheap cuts of meat means higher prices for all cuts. And so on.

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You can examine almost any business and discover with amazement its dependency on the other businesses or their dependence on it. For illustration, the Cambridge Associates have gathered information to show what automobile buying means to other industries. They worked out the percentage of the 1923 output of eight industries whose products are used in the automobile. The results are striking: ten per cent of the National output of copper, tin, iron, and steel goes into automobiles; twelve per cent of the lead and fourteen per cent of the hardwood are likewise destined for automobiles. Over half the plate glass produced last year, nearly seventy per cent of the leather, and eighty per cent of the rubber were similarly employed.

Little imagination is needed to visualize the importance of these facts. An investment in plate glass at a period of declining production and sale of motor cars would obviously be less sound than an investment in something which did not depend on a single industry to so large an extent; though of course if the motor car business went "flat" plate glass might sooner or later find other outlets.

These somewhat scattering observations may now be summed up in the light of their relation to investing. In the first place, the very profusion and complexity of the information available in curves and indexes is such that no one who is not fairly expert in their study should attempt to draw more than a temporary conclusion from them. In the second place, while we know vastly more about trends and underlying conditions than ever before in the past, our knowledge is still in the elementary state. We do know facts; but we do not yet know how to correlate them so as to form a complete picture. In the third place, and lastly, nobody knows with anything like a moderate degree of certainty whether the stock market responds to this or to that particular stimulus, or whether an upward swing is still going up or is about to turn and go down. Many can successfully guess—sometimes—which is quite another story.

There is no reason why, after we know more than we do, it will not be possible to forecast business with at least as fair a degree of certainty as we can forecast the weather. There will always, however, be the unexpected and the apparently inexplicable event which will upset our best calculations. The thing for the investor to do is to learn all he can from charts, graphs, and indexes, and then, when he comes to invest, forget this knowledge and invest with an eye not to possible speculative profit, but with an eye to safety of capital and steadiness of income.

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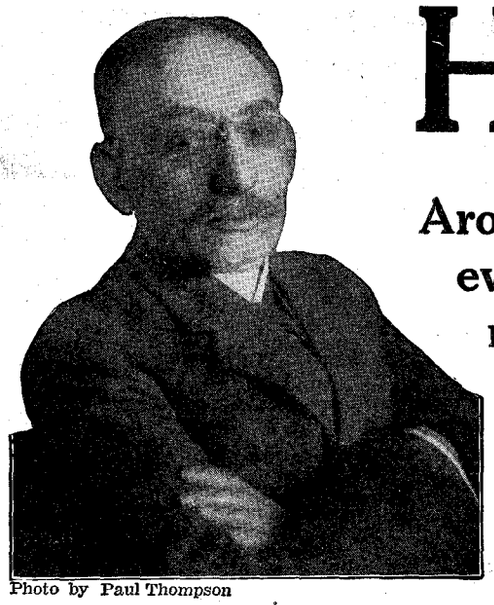

Photo by Paul Thompson

He kept his head!

Around him swirled the wildest whirlpool of events mankind had ever witnessed, yet he retained his sense of proportion and his sense of humor, painting the picture as he saw it

WALTER H. PAGE was a man of simple tastes. He delighted in his duties as editor of THE WORLD'S WORK, but Destiny swept him from his quiet editorial chair in Garden City up, up, and into the greatest diplomatic post in the gift of any nation: American Ambassador to Great Britain. Long an observer of current affairs, he was now called upon to act as one of the chief participants—to play a leading rôle in the most stirring drama of events ever enacted.

The erstwhile editor found himself situated as no diplomat had ever been in all the history of the world; the pivotal figure in the greatest conflict of the ages—Ambassador of the United States to the chief allied war capital, and at the same time acting ambassador for Germany, Austria, and Turkey. To him were left decisions which affected all future history; and his letters—marvels of descriptive writing and of persuasion—helped more than any other single influence to bring the United States into the World War.

As a newspaper man in the old days, as editor successively of The Forum, Atlantic Monthly, and of The World's Work, he was always happiest when writing. All through his Ambassadorship, he seemed to be writing, eternally writing at that favorite desk of his. While he had formerly written for many to read, he now wrote only for the select few—a half dozen leaders who ruled the fate of the world. But whether his letter went to king, president, or premier, or to one of his own sons, Page was always himself. His contagious humor, his brilliant knack of turning a phrase as no other man could, his adroit use of anecdotes to drive home a point, his amazing trick of photographing moral or mental situations in words, his almost conversational style, stamp these letters as the masterpieces of a genius.

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At the outbreak of the war, Ambassador Page wrote a most vivid and dramatic letter to the President. The following is an extract: "I shall never forget Sir Edward Grey's telling me of the ultimatum—while he wept; nor the poor German Ambassador who has lost in his high game—almost a demented man; nor the King as he declaimed at me for half an hour and threw up his hands and said: 'My God, Mr. Page, what else could we do?' Nor the Austrian Ambassador's wringing his hands and weeping and crying out, 'My dear Colleague, my dear Colleague.'"

* * * * * *

When Page entered upon his duties as Ambassador before the war, he wrote to the President: "I am moved once in a while to write you privately, not about any specific piece of public business, but only, if I can, to transmit something of the atmosphere of the work here. And since this is meant as much for your amusement as for any information it may carry, don't read it 'in office hours.'"

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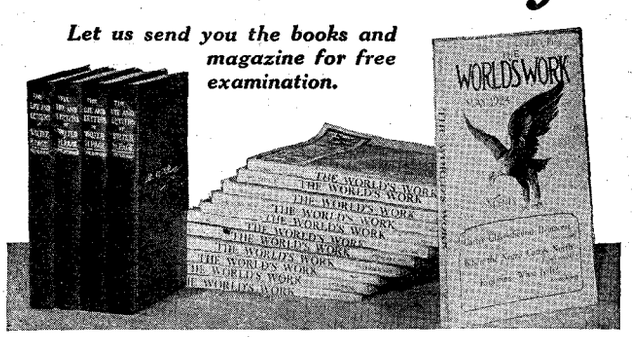

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By the Way

THE twentieth anniversary of the opening of the subway system of New York City was celebrated by a banquet at the Hotel Commodore attended by 600 people. Entrance to the banquet room, the guests found, could be obtained only by depositing a nickel in one of the subway turnstiles. During the evening, however, much to the surprise of the guests, their coins were returned inside souvenir bill-cases with this notation: "The New York subways always have returned to every customer more than full value for every nickel received."

A paragraph in this department a few weeks ago called attention to the scarcity of young men of the name of Leavenworth and to the fact that a scholarship for youths of that name was offered by Hamilton College, of New York. A subscriber sends us a clipping from a Grand Rapids (Michigan) newspaper saying that the paragraph in The Outlook was noticed by a Mr. B. C. Leavenworth of that city and as a result a member of his family is to enter Hamilton as a student.

The scholarship, it seems, was founded by Elias W. Leavenworth, a resident of Syracuse, New York, and for many years a United States Congressman. He had no children himself and feared that the name Leavenworth might die out, hence his interest in helping young men of the name to establish themselves by means of a liberal education.

One of Mark Twain's jokes as retold in his recently published Autobiography dates back to President Cleveland's time. Twain called at the White House on a cold winter day. He asked Mrs. Cleveland to sign her name on his personal card, just below the words "He did not," which he had written above his own name. Mrs. Cleveland hesitated, but finally wrote her name on condition that the joke be immediately explained. Then the humorist produced a memorandum from his wife, reading, *"Don't wear your arctics in the White House."* Mark was absent-minded, and his prudent spouse had sent him the memorandum in a way that insured his seeing it just before he made his visit. Mrs. Cleveland laughed hilariously, and the signed card was posted at once to Mrs. Clemens.

From the Woburn (Mass.) "Daily Times," as quoted by a subscriber:

> The party dispersed at a late hour, after congratulating Mr. and Mrs. B——, and wishing the couple success in their martial career.

One of the roadside markets that have become a feature of many highways hit on a novel plan of advertising, according to the "Rural New Yorker." A donkey stood in front of the stand. On his back was a big sign:

IF YOU DON'T WANT TO BE LIKE ME,
BUY YOUR GOODS HERE!

The humor of the idea, it is said, brought many passers-by to the advertiser's counter.

Sporting men and sporting papers have a language of their own. Looking over the advertising columns of the New York "Morning Telegraph" (the only ten-cent daily in New York, we believe—sports, you know, spend their money freely), we see announcements of firms that call themselves in bold lettering "Strictly One Horse." Again, "A Bonded One Horse Daily Service." The idea seems to be that these dealers give their customers a tip on the day's favorite in a horse race. If you accept their judgment, you are supposed to stand a better chance of winning a bet than if you rely on inexpert judgment like your own. But why not put your money in a savings bank? It pays better in the long run, other experts tell us, who are not "One-Horse" prophets.

A subscriber sends us the following old French riddle to arouse the interest and test the powers of beginners in the study of French:

> Je suis le capitaine de vingt-six soldats, et sans moi Paris serait pris.

SITUATIONS WANTED

CULTURED, educated, experienced and refined young woman desires position as governess of widower's children. Thoroughly capable of managing house and servants. Excellent references. 5,619, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED librarian wishes temporary position. South preferred. 5,606, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED woman wishes position as housekeeper in school. 5,610, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN would give reasonable service to lady alone or elderly couple in exchange for home and nominal salary. Refinement essential. References exchanged. 5,611, Outlook.

HOTEL woman wishes position in Southern hotel. Has fine clientele. 5,609, Outlook.

LADY of education and culture desires position as companion to lady or motherless girl. Prefer southern Florida. Best of references. 5,612, Outlook.

LADY of refinement and culture will train and care for motherless children and direct home. References exchanged. 5,615, Outlook.

MANAGING housekeeper, chaperon, or governess. Experienced, traveled. Very exceptional references. Speaks four languages. 5,605, Outlook.

REFINED young French-Belgian woman, highly educated and graduate nurse, wishes position for winter months as companion to lady or finishing governess to young girl. Preference, family going to the South or California. Best references. 5,613, Outlook.

RETIRED professional woman wishes to find a congenial spirit to travel leisurely in Europe. Sailing in January. 5,617, Outlook.

RESPONSIBLE position desired by capable woman experienced in institutional work for boys. Housemother, supervisor, matron, sewing room. Any position of trust. 5,618, Outlook.

SOMEWHERE, some one is looking for the right woman to take charge of their home, or to travel. Cheerful, capable. 5,608, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as housekeeper in country to widower with young children. 319 Rutger St., Utica, N. Y.

YOUNG lady wishes position to read several hours daily to elderly person or to student. New York only. Address 5,599, Outlook.

YOUNG man, well educated, good typist, desires position as companion or secretary to traveling gentleman. 5,596, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED—Boarders. Private family. Tidewater. "Newstead," Nuttall, Va.

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

OLD fashioned boiled cider apple sauce. Direct from farm. Circular. Lee O' the Mountain, Wilton, N. Y.

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Hattie Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

MODERN country home for boys. Careful training. Tutored at home or attend public school. References. Mrs. Earl Cahail, Anacortes, Wash.

SCHOLARSHIPS in boys' prep. school available to athletes and musicians. Box 926, Stamford, Conn.

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